

NEW POETICAL TRANSLATION

O F T H E

ODES and CARMEN SÆCULARE,

O R

JUBILEE HYMN,

O F

H O R A C E,

IN AN EASY AND INTELLIGIBLE STYLE;

THE SECOND EDITION.

REVIEWED AND IMPROVED

BY THE AUTHOR.

W. GREEN, M. D.

" IF, AFTER THE BOYS HAVE MASTERED AN ODE IN HORACE, THE
" PRECEPTOR WOULD READ TO THEM A CONCISE TRANSLATION INTO
" ENGLISH, PERHAPS BOTH HE, AND THEY, MIGHT UNDERSTAND
" IT BETTER. AYSCH : SCHOOL : M.

DELICATAE VERSIONUM EST ORIGINE FLOQUENTIA ET ELEGANTIA.

L I V E R P O O L :

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M. DCC. LXXXIII.

NEW POETICAL TRANSLATION
OF
H O R A C E
HORACE addressed these Odes to the Roman Ladies, and Gentlemen, on the common Topics of Life, and why my fair Country Women should not as well understand him, when Englished, as *Waller*, and *Cowley*, &c. I think no good reason can be assigned. Yet many are invidiously endeavouring to depress the Work, as above their Reach and Capacity, who would be affronted, if they were told, that they could not read the *Spectator*, or *Milton's Paradise Lost* infinitely more difficult.

ALL the licentious expressions of this Author, are here moderated, or retrenched, and nothing is offered that can offend the chaste Vestal.

AN account of the Translators of *Horace*, *Virgil*, and other Classical Authors, with an enquiry into the merit of Mr. Pitt's *Aeneid*, and its late preference to Mr. Dryden's, will be given in an *Essay on translated Verse*, prefixed to the Author's first Book of the *Aeneid*.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY,
And to be had at all the Book-sellers Shops in *Liverpool*, and at Mr. *Murray's*, *Fleet-street*, *London*.



(2)

THE FIRST BOOK

OF THE
ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I. TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas atavis editæ Regibus.

1 MÆCENAS my support and grace,
From kings a long descended name,

Some praise the proud Olympic space,

And love to gather dusty fame;

To curb the steeds, to turn the goal,

With kindling wheels, the noble prize

To gain, of lords of earth the soul

Triumphant raises to the skies.

2 This courting dignities supreme

With popular and noisy fame,

All Rome in ferment with his name;

Another bent on sordid gain,

Engrosses all the * Lybian grain;

One ploughs the old paternal field.

* Engrossing the grain from Lybia. Before Egypt became a Roman Province, Lybia, and the neighbouring parts of Africa supplied the granaries of Rome.

- Content with what his acres yield ;
 Each in his inclinations blest,
 Not all that Attalus posselt,
 Nor all the treasures of the East,
 Shall turn their timid hearts to cleave,
 With Cyprian keel th' Ægean wave.
- 3 When the contending winds arise,
 And tofs the vessel to the skies,
 And sable clouds involve the day,
 The greedy merchants then in fear,
 For home and ease devoutly pray ;
 But, poverty untaught to bear,
 And prompted to another trip,
 They set about the shatter'd ship,
 Refit, and out again to sea.
- 4 The fife and trumpets clangour cheers,
 And warms the fiery sons of Mars,
 Detestable to mothers ears,
 The call to camps and bloody wars.
- 5 Some, o'er their mellow * maffic gay,
 Take from the loit'ring solid day,
 An ample share when in the shade,
 Beneath the fragrant Arbuté laid,
 Or at the sacred fountain's head.
- 6 The sportsman quits his bosom bride,
 Beneath inclement skies to bide,
 Before the break of morning grey,
- Whether

* A strong kind of wine for hard drinkers,
 Some gay their mellow maffic o'er,
 Take from the solid twenty-four.

Whether the stag his mashes tore,
 Or bursting forth the Marfyian boar,
 The faithful pack pursue the prey,
 He thinks of tender spouse no more.

7 And thee, Mæcenas, ivies please, 45
 Of learned brow, the Meed and praise;
 And mingled with the gods upraise;
 And me sequester'd from the throng,
 Light tripping Fauns the nymphs among,
 And streams delight and choral song, 50
 If Polyhymnia deign to join
 Her Lesbian Barbiton to mine;
 And wing'd sublime I'll reach the skies,
 Rank'd with the Lyric bards divine,
 If thou Mæcenas bid me rise. 55

ODE II. TO AUGUSTUS.

Jam satis terribis.

ENOUGH hast thou, Saturnian Sire,
 Of snow and hail and tempest dire,
 Enough of vengeful thunders hurl'd,
 Thy flaming hand with thunder struck,
 The lofty tow'rs, and temples shook, 5
 And terrify'd a guilty world;
 2 Lest the revolving age should rise
 Of Pyrrha uttering plaintive cries,
 In fright new monsters to behold,
 His scaly herds when Proteus led, 10
 And on the highest summits fed,

And porpoises and dolphins hold
 The woods, where turtles lately coo'd,
 And wolves and hinds together roll'd,
 The tender lamb and tyger-brood,
 Swept by the overwhelming flood.

3 We saw—roll'd back in angry roar
 The Tyber, from his Tuscan shore
 Rush to o'erthrow the hallow'd fane,
 And monuments of pious reigns.

4 When over-boastful to his * bride,
 In rage, t'avenge her grief and love,
 Uxorious in his swelling pride,
 He delug'd the Romúlean fide,
 Vague—unapprov'd of highest Jove.

5 Dire whetted steel in sacrilege
 Our vicious fathers civic rage,
 (Best wasted on the Parthian foe,)
 The next depopulated age
 Of military Youth, shall know;†

6 Benignant to the Latian race,
 What deity can we address,
 Whom shall we call in our distress?
 A sinking empire to sustain,
 And with what prayers can virgins tease,
 (The guardians of her holy fane)
 Th' unlistening Vesta to their lays?

7 Whom

† Dire whetted sacrilegious steel,
 Our vicious fathers civic rage,
 Which better wasted on the foe,
 The Persians insolent should feel,
 The next depopulated age
 Of Roman Youth, shall ruin now.

- 7 Whom from on high, wilt thou ordain,
 O fire, t'atone our guilt of blood?
 O Augur God, descending deign,
 (Thy shoulders veiling with the shroud
 Of an etherial radiant cloud)
 To expiate the nations stain.
- 8 Or wilt thou Erycina bend,
 Whom smiles and hovering loves attend,
 Or Mavors, thou vouchsafe to hear,
 Who lov'st the shield and glittering spear,
 And th' aspect stern, and vengeful blow,
 Of Marſyan dying o'er his foe?
 Smile on thy long neglected race,
 And bid at length thy fury cease;
 Full glutted with the cruel ſport;
 Or ſhall we to the Youth reſort?
 If Maia's wingéd ſon, unſeen,
 In Cæſar's imitated mien,
- 10 Thour't guardian of the Roman ſtate,
 Nor wilt, a deity diſclaim,
 On earth, the dread Avenger's name
 To bear, of Julius' cruel fate:
- 11 O late returning may'ſt thou riſe,
 Again to grace thy native ſkies,
 Let not atrocious crimes incenſe,
 And wing thee unpropitious hence,
 Love to be father ſtil'd, and prince,
 Triumphant ruler of the land,

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And

And let not the insulting Mede,
 Our Eagles, unrevenged, tread,
 While Cæsar thou hast the command,
 And bear'st the thunders in thy hand.

ODE III. *Addressed to VIRGIL, sailing to ATHENS.*

Sic te Diva Potens Cypri.

1 SO may the queen of Cyprus' Isle,
 And lucid twins Ledæan smile,
 And Æolus, the rest confin'd,
 Release alone th' * Etesian wind;
 So may thy voyage prosp'rous end,
 As I, devout, to thee commend,
 O Bark, th' entrusted whom thou ow'st,
 (Preserve him, and deliver safe,
 My soul's elect, my better half,)
 My Virgil to the Attic coast : 10
 2 What heart of knotted oak had he,
 Well cas'd in ribs of triple steel,
 The Man, who launcht the slender keel,
 The first—and dar'd th' atrocious Sea?
 The Pleiade and the Hyade star, 15
 Portending elemental war;
 With madding Aquilo contending
 The south, precipitate descending,
 Than whom no greater tyrant sways,
 To § smooth, or swell the Adrian seas? 20

3 What

* The favourable wind for Athens.

(§ To smooth or swell;) The mouth of the Adriatic is open to the south-east winds, and defended from the rest by high lands on every side.

- 3 What horror of the first degree,
 What death in any shape fear'd He,
 Who saw the floating monster train,
 With soul unmov'd, th' outrageous main,
 And infamous Acrocerauns, 25
 (Since white with many a sailor's bones,)
 Who durst thro' ranks of ruin go,
 With storms above, and rocks below ?
- 4 In vain the wise Creator's hand
 For ever sunder'd land from land, 30
 By the dissociating Deep,
 If impious Barks, and men profane,
 Th' eternal fences overleap
 Of the inviolable main,
- 5 No binding laws, no terrors can 35
 Restrain th' all-daring race of man,
 They rush thro' human, and divine,
 Unaw'd—Audacious Japhet's line
 Provokt the first Saturnus' ire,
 By stealth of his celestial fire, 40
 The execrable source of woe ;
 Hence, Death, before remote and flow,
 Press'd on his rate, by Heaven's command,
 And fevers, and a ghastly band
 Of evils, spread o'er all the land. 45
- 6 Where ends proud man's audacious stretch,
 What arduous deem'd above his reach ?
 The wrecking sea his greedy road,
 And, Dædalus high on a pair
 Of wings, not made by th' hand of God, 50
 Incumbent

Incumbent, try'd the void of air ;
 7 Through Styx, and realms devoid of day,
 Herculean labour burst it's way,
 Gigantick folly scales the sky ;
 We aim at Jove's imperial crown, 55
 Nor suffers our impiety,
 The God to lay his vengeful thunders down.

ODE IV. to P. SEXTIUS.

Solvitur acris hiems grata vices Veris, et Favoni,

1 **K** EEN winter's breath relents, and gay
 The spring in turn resumes the day,
 The zephyrs lenient breezes fly,
 And creaking engines hawl to sea,
 Refitted Gallies, long laid dry. 5
 2 The languid swains the smoky hall
 Forake, the hoary frosts the field,
 And lowing herds the lazy stall
 Have left, and meads their lillies yield.
 3 Now Venus leads her choral band 10
 Of Nymphs, and Graces hand in hand ;
 While beams o'er head the crescent horn
 Of pallid Phæbé, newly born,
 Conjoin'd they beat the green-sod stage,
 With snowy nimble feet altern, 15
 While glowing with Vulcanian rage,
 Th' Ætnean * Cyclop-forges burn.

4 Now

* Mt. Ætna's volcanos bursting with greatest rage in spring.

- 4 Now deck thy comely head with flow'r's;
 Which melting earth spontaneous pours,
 Or myrtles green—now haunt the groves,
 And shady bow'rs, which Faunus loves,
 With sacrifice the God appease,
 Or kid or lamb, which e'er may please.
 5 Pale Death with equal pace impels,
 And shakes, impartial, every door,
 The castle, where the tyrant dwells,
 And th' humble cottage of the poor.
 6 Dear happy friend, the life of man,
 In this contracted, narrow span,
 Admits no hope of lengthned plan;
 Soon will the dark Plutonian cell,
 Inanity and shades of hell,
 And phantoms, (fabling poets tell,)
 O'erwhelm us all, and there no guest
 Shall rule by dice the kingly feast,
 No Lycidas beyond the urn*
 Shall charm our Youth, for whom in turn,
 Cold virgin hearts to glow shall learn.

* No Lycidas in realms below
 Shalt thou admire, for whom now burn
 Our Roman Youth, and soon in turn,
 Cold virgin hearts shall learn to glow.

ODE V. TO P. PYRRHA.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa.

1 **P**YRRHA, what slender pretty boy,
 Bedew'd with fragrant roses prest,

- Is now in thy false arms carefs'd,
 In the delicious grot of joy ?
 For whom thy knotted golden tress, 5
 In neat simplicity of grace
 Dost bind, so elegantly plain ?
 2 Of violated faith and truth,
 And changing Gods, unwonted Youth,
 How soon, how oft shall he complain, 10
 When o'er the face of Heaven serene,
 Sudden, he views with wond'ring eyes,
 The sable squally austers rise,
 And scowling sweep along the main,
 Portending hurricanes and rain ? 15
 3 Who holds thee now delighted boy,
 He, bright and pure of all alloy,
 For ever amiable all charms,
 And solely vacant to his arms,
 Vain hopes the melting golden joy. 20
 4 Deluded, credulously blind,
 Unskill'd in the fallacious wind.
 Ah ! wretched he, to whom untried,
 Thou glitter'ft—I the swelling tide,
 Thank Neptune, scap'd in happy hour, 25
 The votive tablet points to all
 My dripping garments, on the wall,
 Suspended—to the saving pow'r.

ODE VI. TO AGRIPPA.

Scriberis Vario fortis, & hostium.

- SUBLIME on the Mæonian wing,
 1 The conquests by thy great command, By

With Horse, or foot, on sea or land,
Where'er atchiev'd, let Varius sing.

- 2 'Tis not for feeble hand, and lyre, 5
Not ours, Agrippa, to aspire
Thus bold, to strike the fiery part
Of Thetis' son—the proud of heart,
Or raging o'er the bloody field,
Or unrelenting in his ire, 10
To kings unknowing how to yield;
3 Nor Pelops' cruel race in song
We dare, nor fraught with artful tongue
The wise Ulysses' labours long;
Tho' pow'rful in the warless lyre, 15
Our Muse these honors must resign,
Asham'd to mar, (in want of fire,
Demeaning great, in less'ning lays)
And sully the illustrious praise
Of Cæsar, or Agrippa thine. 20
- 4 Say, who shall paint the god of war,
In adamantinè mail and car?
Or Tydeus' son by Pallas' aid,
O'er-match for the immortals made?
Or smear'd with dust and hostile gore, 25
Fierce Merion on the Trojan shore?
5 Thy battles, Venus, void of blood,
(As when the angry nymph assails,
Her lovers' cheek, with harmless nails)
The feast, and Bacchus' sparkling flood, 30
In jocund levity altern,
We vacant sing, or slightly burn,
All—in our wonted easy mood.

ODE VII. TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen.

SOME Ephesus, some Rhodes, and many
 Commend thy beauties Mityléné,
 And Corinth, on its double seas,
 Commanding equal both the bays,
 Theſſalian Tempé theſe rehearſe. 5
 And others toil in endleſs verſe,
 For Athens, and her ſpotleſs queen
 (And crown their brows with olive green.)
 And Thebes and Delphos, theſe diſplay,
 Of god of wine, or god of day ; 10
 The rich Mycénæ many praiſe,
 To Juno's honour others raiſe
 In ſtrains, proud Argos for the breed
 Renown'd of the Olympic ſteed;
 But nor Lariffa's rich campain, 15
 Nor patient Lacedæmon's plain,
 Charm more—than fair § Albunea's ſcene,
 Her ſounding dome, and ſpreading lakes,
 And Tybur's grove, where Anio takes
 His winding courſe along, and breaks 20
 Adown the precipices bore,
 And falling with tremendous roar;
 His rivers eaſy ductile floods,
 The orchards and the pendent woods,
 The haunt of nymphs and ſylvan gods. 25
 As

§ Albunea,

————Lucosque ſubalta
 Conſulit Albunea.

VIRG. ÆN. B. 7. ver. 82.

As the south wind, not always pours
 With low'ring brow tempestuous show'rs,
 But oftimes clears the cloudy skies;
 Admonisht thus, O Plancus—wife
 Do thou eternal toils forbear,
 Or in thy villa's densest charms,
 Or camp't amidst the din of arms,
 To sooth the pangs of life severe,
 Thy mellow massic never spare;
 When Teucer fled by th' hard command,
 From Salamis, his native land;
 Ne'erless, the day with wine he crown'd,
 And thus (his brow with § poplar bound)
 Address'd his drooping friends around;
 Wherever Fortune points we'll go,
 And, (than a father less unkind
 And stern)—we'll follow with the wind;
 Now social Friends, your spirit show,
 With me full oft in labours try'd,
 And dangers both by land and sea,
 And lay desponding fears aside;
 While Teucer your auspicious guide,
 While Heaven and Teucer lead the way;
 For well I know, from Phoebus' shrine
 Assur'd by Oracles divine,
 Another † Salamis shall stand
 Superb, ambiguous in name,
 And

* Salamis in Greece.

§ Poplar sacred to Hercules.

Populus Alcidæ, gratissima vitis Iaccho.

† Salamis in Cyprus.

And rise in the new promis'd land,
 Not less illustrious in fame ;
 With social bowls dispel your care, 55
 This day, we give to mirth and ease,
 The next, my comrades brave, we'll dare
 Again, the great Neptunian seas.

ODE VIII. TO LYDIA.

Lydia dic per omnes te deos oro, Sybarin.

- 1 **O** LYDIA, by the god of Day,
 And all the pow'rs immortal, say,
 Why Sybaris is hurry'd so
 Precipitated down the flow
 Of love, to his undoing ? 5
 Why——doth he yellow Tyber shun,
 From oils, as viper-venom, run,
 Implung'd by thee in ruin,
 With patient side,
 Well known to bide, 10
 The fable dust, and scorching sun ?
 2 Why rules he not the gallic steeds,
 Among the youth, with bitted rein,
 Nor more in arms accoutred, heeds
 The sandy military plain ? 15
 3 No more doth limbs of livid hue,
 Press'd with the weight of armour shew,
 Who with his brawny arm before
 Renown'd, beyond his rivals score
 The disc, and heavy javelin threw ? 20
 4 And

- 4 And (said) conceal'd in female guise,
 Like sea-born Thetis' son he lies,
 Left, garb-betray'd, the beardless boy,
 Were snatcht away to the alarms,
 And slaughter of the barbarous swarms, 25
 Beneath the walls of weeping Troy.

ODE IX. TO THALIARCHUS.

Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum.

- 1 SEE where Soraçté, deep in snow,
 Erects his hoary lofty brow,
 The labouring forest scarce sustains
 The silver load, and cease to flow *
 The rivers, bound in icy chains, 5
 2 Dissolve the cold, and piling high,
 The hearth load with the wood-logs dry,
 And th' ample bowl of mellow'd juice,
 By winters four at least, produce,
 And leave to the † Saturnian's care 10
 The rest—the woods, and raging seas,
 And battling tempests to appease,
 And thaw at will the freezing air;
 3 Enjoy the present day, nor heed
 What on the morrow may succeed, 15
 What more is given—as honest gain
 Allow—nor choral joys disdain,
 Nor

* And gelid blow, † Providence's care.

And raw the winds, and cease to flow, &c.

If the above line be added, it makes a more compleat landscape of winter.

- Nor tender love, e'er surly grow,
 All-marring age of wither'd brow;
 4 And seek the haunts, that virgins please,
 The evening air, the fanning breeze,
 20 To th' assignation in the park,
 The breathing whisper in the dark
 Attend, and th' happy minute seize.
 5 When corner'd close, the latent maid
 25 Is by her titt'ring laugh betray'd;
 And snatch, in wily disport bold,
 The ring or bracelet of the coy,
 Reluctant press'd to yield the toy,
 She struggling, never meant to hold. 30

ODE X. TO MERCURY.

Mercuri facunde nepos Atlantis.

- 1 **O** ! MERCURY, of Atlas sprung,
 Whose sapient fluency of tongue,
 The manners of rude man refin'd,
 And wrought to grace the recent throng,
 And courtly civiliz'd his mind. 5
 2 Thee, herald of the gods I sing,
 And parent of the vocal string,
 As wily, Hermes, to conceal,
 As quick, in what thou'rt pleas'd to steal;
 The God rag'd for the loss of kine, 10
 Absconded by a theft of thine;
 And chid thee as a froward child,
 But of his quiver too beguil'd,
 Pleas'd with thy wit Apollo smil'd.

3 With thee a guide, King Priam bo'd, 15
 Past thro' the camps of hostile fire,
 And scap'd the dread Achilles' ire,
 Fraught with the sums of ransom-gold;
 Thou potent with thy golden wand,
 Canst th'airy phantom-crowd command, 20
 Give mansions to the pious good,
 And grateful offices bestow,
 To deities both high and low,
 By all belov'd, complacent God.

ODE XI. TO LEUCONOE.

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi.

SEEK not, 'tis sacrilege to pry,
 What end must have, or thou, or I,
 Into the secret ways of fate,
 Nor Babylonian numbers try,
 Nor charms of black astrology, 5
 To know the interdicted date;
 What God ordains, best to endure,
 Beneath his ruling pow'r secure,
 Gives he more years—or this the last,
 That thou must hear the wint'ry blast,
 And by thy stony * pumice shore 10
 Oppos'd, the Tuscan billows roar;

D 2 Wouldst

* Leuconoe, is supposed to have had a seat near the Tuscan shore which is overspread with heaps of pumice stones, from the Volcanos of Etna and Strombolo, which, floating on the agitated waves, resist and debilitate the tides, and billows dashing on the Tuscan coast covered with these pumice stones.

- 3 Wouldst thou be wise, cease to divine,
 Heed cares domestic, and refine
 Thy * wines, and to a narrow space, 15
 The hope of life's long stretching race
 Cut short—and seize without delay
 The flitting hour, see, while I speak,
 Their flight, the envious minutes take,
 No credit, dear Leuconœ, 20
 Give thou—trust not another day.

O D E XII.

Quem virum, aut Heroa lyra, vel acri.

- 1 **W**HAT God or Man, O Muse, what King,
 Or Hero wilt thou deign to sing,
 Whom shall the mocking Nymph resound,
 On Pindus' or on Hæmus' Mound,
 Whose airy phantom name rebound, 5
 Sequacious of the Thracian's song,
 Where rush'd disorder'd † woods along,
 2 By arts maternal taught to bind,
 The rapid flood and raging wind,
 Allure the list'ning herds and flocks, 10
 The mountain oaks and rigid rocks?
 From the Saturnian Sire above
 3 Begin, for all is full of Jove,
 To whom, no equal in the Skies,
 No greater Deity can rise, 15
 4 Whom

* Refine thy wine.] A proverbial phrase for, Mind your house-
 wifry, and what you have to do.
 † Melterkelter, Horace means.

- 4 Whom Heaven, and Earth, and Orbs obey,
 The raging Wind and rolling Sea,
 Who rules th'immenfity of Space,
 The Mortal and Immortal race,
 And temperates in Harmony,
 The Seasons order'd by his fway;
 5 Yet next to Jove his progeny,
 O, Mufe, Minerva claims our lay;
 Nor fhall the Son of Semelé,
 Be pafs'd unfung, in combats bold;
 Nor thou Diana, chafteft maid,
 Whose bow the Mountain Monfters dread,
 Nor Phœbus with his locks of Gold,
 And vengeful Dart unerrant fped;
 6 In toils unwearied Hercules
 The fon of Jove, undaunted praife;
 And the Læzæan offspring raife,
 One in the Cæftus-combats crown'd,
 One on his victor fteed renown'd,
 When they appear in lucid grace,
 To Sailors on the wat'ry fpace,
 The fhatter'd Barks the waves defy,
 The ftormy clouds on high are fled,
 The waters leave the Rocks adry,
 And billows of late threat'ning head,
 So will'd the Gods, recumbent die;
 7 Whom next to Gods, O Mufe, wilt deign
 To fing, Quirinus' turbid fcene,
 Or pious Numas' gentle reign,
 Or Junius' Fafces wilt enrol,
 Or falling Cato wilt relate?
 Firft Cato—of ferocious Soul,
 Rehearse—ennobled by his fate;
 8 To Regulus, and Scaurus true,
 O Mufe, preferve the honours due,

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And

- And Paulus lavish of his blood,
 The great of Heart, who scorn'd to see
 The Victors' day, and nobly free
 In arms, effused the gen'rous flood ;
 9 Nor less deserving of high fame,
 Fabricius and Camillus name,
 These men, and Curius great in war,
 Unshorn, and their shaggy hair
 Uncooth, hard poverty had bred,
 A few paternal acres bare,
 In patriot Honesty had fed ;
 10 Marcellus' fame insensibly,
 Grows as Monarch thriving tree,
 Belov'd of Jove, on Algids' Hight ;
 And gloweth in excess of light,
 The Star of Julius, like the Moon
 In Majesty, at highest noon,
 Amid the lesser fires of night :
 11 O Father kind to man, ador'd,
 Saturnian conservating Lord,
 High Cæsar, to thy care divine,
 Rome, and the Destinies, consign,
 His tutelage is solely thine ;
 12 And whether he the Parthian Host,
 Late threat'ning our Hesperian Coast,
 With his Imperial Troops led on,
 Bound to his victor Car subdues,
 Or quelleth Ister, and the Don,
 Or Realms beneath th'exorient Sun,
 And th'Ind and Seres he pursues,
 13 Whirl thou thy flaming car above,
 Olympus shake with thunders hurl'd,
 And th'impure sacrilegious Grove,
 Smite with thy inimical blow,
 And may just Cæsar rule, below
 Sole less than thee. this nether World.

Whirl thou thy rapid Car above,
 And shake th'Olympian Realm, O Jove,
 And with the inimical blow,
 Of thy tremendous thunders hurl'd,
 Smite down the sacrilegious Grove, etc.

ODE XIII. TO LYDIA.

Cum tu Lydia Telephi.

1 **W**HEN Telephus in youthful charms,
And Telephus of waxen arms,

I hear thee, Lydia, warm recite,

And in the pleasing name delight,

2 With fervid gall my bosom burns,

Uncertain; lost in mind—by turns

I'm pale—and now I flushing glow,

My tears involuntary flow,

And stealing down, in silence tell

My heart, what melting fierce desires,

What fretting slow consuming fires,

O Lydia, in my marrow dwell;

3 I'm rackt—if in the flow of wine

And wrangling fray—thy cheek divine,

The rushing Boy, with hand unclean,

Or purple floods effus'd distain,

Or with a ruder lip imprint

4 The kiss, not without livid dint;

May I have leave—hope not to find

A tender persevering breast,

With such barbarity conjoin'd,

Who can annoy thy kisses blest

By Venus, which herself imbues

With th' essence of her nectar-dews,

On thy delicious lips imprest;

* 4 Thrice happy! and thrice happy He,

In nuptial ties possessing thee,

Unsever'd

* Thrice happy he! in loves combin'd,

Enjoying thee in raptures kind,

Unsever'd pair, &c.

Unsever'd pair, in flowing life,
 Unruffled by discordant strife,
 In sweetest unison of mind,
 Their souls by death alone disjoin'd.

O D E XIV.

*Addressed to the State lately distress'd with Civil Wars,
 in the Allegory of a shatter'd Ship.*

O Navis, referent in mare te novi.

- 1 **O** BARK ! wilt thou attempt again
 Ar't mad—the terrors of the main ?
 New billows bear thee out to sea,
 While yet thou mayst, without delay
 Re-seize, and firmly hold the bay ;
- 2 Thy sides are stript of oars, and worn
 Thy Cables, and thy riggings torn,
 Thy timbers groan, thy Yards and Masts,
 Shook by the late fierce * Afric's blasts ;
 No trusty plank left to sustain,
 The fury of th' impetuous main,
- 3 No † whilom gods hast thou to call,
 When wrecking tempests round thee fall ;
 Tho' Pontic-born thou long hast stood,
 The daughter of the noblest wood,
 Vain boasting!—of a haughty race,
 What heeds the sailor in distress,
 Thy gaudy painted Gods, and grace ?
 Unless, thour't Fated to be tofs'd
 The sport of whirlwinds on the coast

(§ My

* AFRICUS.] The wind from the coast of Africa.—Alluding to the wars of Anthony and Cleopatra.

† If Augustus quits the helm of state ; to whom this ode may be supposed to be addressed, dissuading him from resignation.

(*My late annoying weary care,
And now my fond desire) beware,
And shun, mid glitt'ring Cycladés
Deceitful, th' interfused seas.

O D E XV.

*Pastor cum traheret per Freta navibus
Ideis, Helenam, perfidus hospitam :*

- 1 **W**HEN faithless Paris from the shore,
The hospitable Helen bore,
Prophetic Nereus laid the seas,
And whirlwinds, in ungrateful case,
While the sad fates, and fall of Troy,
He sung thus, to the fleeing Boy ;
- 2 In thy Idéan gallies gay,
With evil bird thou bear'ft away,
No Augur vain if I am,
Whom, Greece shall soon reclaim, and rise
Conjur'd to break thy Nuptial ties,
And shake th'old Realms of Priam ;
- 3 What labours horse and foot I see,
Turmoil, and bloody massacre
Lo ! Pallas in her thund'ring car,
Arm'd with Gorgonian Ægide dread,
See, how she shakes it o'er thy head,
And wakes the horrid din of war ;

* Horace was once of the Republican party, and grieved at ill success, and weary of the toils of war, he procured his peace ; he has now changed sides and is warm for government, and in as anxious fears lest Augustus should resign, as he was formerly averse to his obtaining the sovereign authority.

- 4 Vain fierce with Venus by thy side,
 Thou comb'st thy tresses flowing pride, 20
 And, warbling to the soft Guitar,
Of very little use in war,
 Elate thy numbers to divide,
- 5 With notes melodious charm'st the Fair;
 In vain, to stately rooms thou'lt run, 25
 And scenes of blood, and hurry shun,
 Nor light-foot Ajax pressing on,
 Nor Teucer's twanging bow sustain;
 Yet those adult'rous tresses must,
Alas! ignobly on the plain, 30
 Lie foul besmear'd with blood and dust;
- 6 See'st not—destruction in his face,
 Ulysses, bane of all thy race? *
 And Sthenelus a charioteer
 Not slack—in every art of war 35
 Expert, to wield the missive spear,
 And brave to fight, or rule the Car?
- 7 In arms superior to his Sire,
 Tydides seeks thee, *all on fire,*
 Whom thou'lt withstand, *flout* as the fawn, 40
 When he the distant wolf shall eye,
 And heedless of the flow'ry lawn,
 Swift to the covert panting fly, †

* And bending with a load of years,
 The Pylian counsellor appears.

† Far other promises—I ween.

Of prowess vaunted to thy Queen.

- 8 Far other promises—I ween,
 Of prowess made *now* to thy queen :
 But soon the day of vengeful doom, 50
 To all the race of Troy shall come,
 Sons, husbands, and the Phrygian dames,
 Achilles fires—I see them rise,
 And now behold they mount the skies,
 And Ilium falls enrap't in flames. 55

ODE XVI. TO TYNDARIS.

O Matre Pulchra filia Pulchrior.

- 1 FAIR daughter of a mother fair,
 My criminous Iambics tear,
 Destroy them by whatever way,
 The flames, or th' Adriatic sea,
 2 Nor madding Bacchus, when resound 3
 His orgies, on the Thracian mound,
 Nor Corybantes, when they threat,
 And all their brazen cymbals beat,
 Nor Pythian God, in priestess' breast,
 3 The soul—with all his rage posselt, 10
 Shakes more, than ire's perturbing pest,
 Nor of the flames, nor foes afraid,
 Nor wrecking Seas, nor Noric blade,
 Nor the tremendous hand of Jove,
 In thunders rushing from above ; 15
 4 Prometheus, when he first began,
 To mould his clay-created man,
 With principles of life endow'd,
 Selected from each savage brood ;

- Drawn from the lion's fiery heart, 20
 Too much of this hot peccant part,
 He thrust into his stomach proud,
 From this sad source, what evils flow?
 Thyestes' royal house disrent,
 Immers'd in desolating woe, 25
 And o'er th' imperial tow'rs laid low,
 The victor Armies insolent,
 Subverting, urge the hostile plow.
 6 Compose thy mind—to say the truth,
 I too have felt, in fervid youth, 30
 Too much of this obnoxious spleen,
 Which first, to these Iambics keen
 Impel'd—I now my peevish vein,
 Relenting, change to milder strain,
 If thou complacent on thy part, 35
 The late severe recall'd—wil't deign
 To give me back thy friendly heart.

O D E XVII. TO TYNDARIS.

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem.

- 1 **S**WIFT-footed Faunus, often deigns,
 Exchang'd for sweet Lycæan plains,
 To dwell in my Lucretile seat,
 My kids and flocks, from squally rains
 Who screens—and summer's parching heat. 5
 2 The reeking husband, and his bride
 Roam careless by my river's side,
 In quest of Arbutus and Thyme;

Nor

Nor fear the prowling wolf, or snake,
Or the green serpent of the brake, 10

In my innoxious Sabine clime.

3 * However sweet thy bard in sound,
Ustica's Slopes and rocks rebound,

To th' harp, Apollo lent me ;

And to the Gods my muse is dear, 15

My harmless piety they cheer,

They give me more than plenty,

All honours of the rural year,

Their copious kind rich horn is here,

Take freely what they sent me ; 20

4 Here, in some Alley's blind retreat,

Thou'lt shun the dogstar's sultry heat,

And tasting harmless Lesbian wine,

Where flaunting boughs o'er head combine,

On † Teian strings rehearse me, 25

How both, one absent Lord bewail In

* They who are better pleased with the insipid uniformity of verse, than sounds adapted to the sense, tho' somewhat irregular, may read as follows,

However sweet thy bard in sound,

Ustica's Slopes and rocks around,

The numbers of my pipe rebound,

And to the Gods my muse is dear,

My harmless piety they cheer,

With th' honors of the rural year,

Take free the blessings they bestow,

Which from my HORN of PLENTY flow :

† Rehearse to Teian strings the tale,

How both one absent Lord bewail,

Penelope, and Circe frail.

Altern—the faithful, and the *frail*,
 Penelopé—and *Circé*.

- 5 Nor dread a turbid Thracian war,
 Nor lest, pursuing Cyrus bold,
 (Ill pair'd with Venus' softer mould)
 With hand incontinent should tear
 The festal honors of thy brow,
 Thy purple vest, or flowing hair,
 He shall not touch one lock, I vow,
 Of my protected harmless Fair.

ODE XVIII. TO VARUS.

Nullam Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem.

- 1 **V**ARUS, prefer no plant at all,
 Set nothing but the sacred vine,
 Round Tybur, on it's soil benign,
 And th' hills near Catilus' old wall;
 2 All's hard and harsh, in every shape,
 Doom'd by the Father of the grape,
 To the unmoist'ned rigid soul;
 Dry cares, the heart corroding wear,
 Which, Bacchus' juices lenient cheer,
 And temperating, mild controul;
 10 What sailor for the tempests cares,
 What soldier heeds the toil of wars,
 Or want—o'er the all healing bowl?
 3 More prompt, and higher than a king,
 Their Venus, and the God to sing:
 15 But Bacchus warns us not t'o'erpass
 The virtues of a temperate glass,

Tremendous

Tremendous, to the sons of Thrace.
 And to the Lapithæan race,
 When in the Tapers doubling light,
 Confounding madly wrong and Right, 20
 Ungovernable greedy lust,
 Sole measure of all good and just
 They made, and mixt in bloody fight.
 4 O god of candour fill my breast,
 Unshaken may thy Thyrsus rest, 25
 Nor will I to the winds unveil,
 What thy mysterious leaves conceal.
 Far hence—the clangour of alarms
 With horn, and trump, and timbrel fed,
 Which savage Berecynthians warms, 30
 By blind self-love and folly led,
 And Vanity's light lifted crest,
 And Indiscretion, with her breast
 As purest glass transparent, shows,
 And prodigally—all she knows. 35

O D E XIX.

Mater sæva Cupidinum.

1 **T**HE cruel queen of soft desires,
 With Semelæan Bacchus' aid,
 My heart, with loves forgotten, fires;
 And my licentious blood conspires
 No less, to wake the embers dead;
 2 Now Glycera's my soul's delight,
 As purest Parian polish'd, bright,

[Sweet

- Sweet wanton in coquetish grace,
 The dazzling lustre of her face,
 And neck—inufferable Light
 10 The Queen forfakes her Paphian throne,
 And rushes all on me alone,
 Nor suffers me to heed the fots,
 The Scythian unregarded goes,
 What, Parthians to the purpose now
 15 Who when they sudden run, with Bow
 And steeds averse, most spirit show:
 4 Haste, bid the greenfold altar rise,
 Bring wine and incense for the skies,
 Then, Glycè'll be mote coming kind,
 20 The Queen by pray'r and sacrifice
 Attuned, shall give a milder mind.

ODE XX. TO MÆCENAS.

*Vile *potabo modicis Sabinum,*

Cantharis.

- 1 SMALL Sabine wine from th' earthen jar,
 In sober cups, shall be my share
 To day—Which seal'd, laid by with care,
 I Mark't, Mæcnas, with this clause,
 The day—the joyful Theatre,
 5 Receiv'd thee thrice with loud applause.
 2 The mocking Nymph receiv'd the sound,
 And thrice reverberated round,

* This judicious alteration was first made by Dr. BYRON.

And thus, together to thy name,
The banks of thy paternal stream, 10
And lofty Vatican rebound:
3 But, *Cæcubæ I for thee design,
And old Calenian Bacchus stor'd,
For, temper'd with mild Formian wine,
Or juice of the Falernian vine, 15
No goblets crown my humble Board.

* Cæcubam, et prælo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes Uvam. —

O D E XXI.

*The Hymn to APOLLO and DIANA,
sung by a Choir of Boys and Girls.*

B O Y S.

YE virgins chaste, Diana praise.

V I R G I N S.

Ye boys, unshorn Apollo raise,

The Chorus.

And, parent of each lucid Flame,

Latona, lov'd of Jove supreme,

Resound in your united lays;

B O Y S,

Latonian Phœbè in your strains,

The guardian of our woodland plains,

Exalt, who Erymanthus loves,

And

And lofty waving forests, spread
O'er Algid, and green Cragus' head,
The virgin Goddess of the groves.

VIRGINS.

Ye Boys, his Tempè's' blooming spring,
His Cynthus, and his Delos sing,
Renown'd for his birth divine,
Whose shoulders beaming heavenly fire,
Grac'd with fraternal Hermes' lyre,
And with the golden quiver shine.

BOYS.

Thus, by your orgies, pious airs,
And by your supplicating pray'rs,
They'll avert from Cæsar far,
Plague, and inimical woes,
Wretched famine, weeping war,

The Chorus.

From Cæsar, and the people far,
To Britons, Parthians, and our foes.

ODE XXII. TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.

THE man who bears a conscience clear,
Needs not the Mauritanian arts,
Of Quivers stuff'd with poison'd darts;
Alone he walks without a fear,
O'er burning Syrtes, alps of snow.
Th' inhospitable Caucasus,
Or where thro' regions barbarous,
Renown'd Hydaspes' torrents flow.

- 2 For, as I careless pass'd along,
 And troll'd my Lalagé in song, 10
 Far thro' the Sabine woods miss'd,
 (My heart with Lalagé so charm'd)
 A wolf enormous met, and fled,
 He sudden fled from me unarm'd,
 3 A monster!—such was never bred 15
 In martial Daunia's forest lands,
 Nor Juba, in thy deserts fed,
 Dry, tawny lion-nursing sands.
 4 Place me on lifeless plains then—where
 Malignant Jove torments the year, 20
 Nor ever lenient Zephyrs' breeze
 Hath cheer'd the swains, or wav'd the trees,
 Or neath the Cancer's fiery ray,
 Me, to Numidian deserts fling,
 Deny'd a cot in burning day; 25
 My sweetly speaking Lalagé,
 And smiling sweet, I'll love and sing.

ODE XXIII. TO CHLOE.

Vitas Hinnuleo, me, similis Chloë.

- 1 **T**HOU shun'st me Chloë like a fawn,
 Light bounding devious o'er the lawn;
 Quick at every breath it hears,
 And not without vain panic fears,
 Starting, if a leaf but shake, 5
 Or the small lizard stir the Brake;
 And seeking mother-hind it flees,
 With panting heart, and trembling knees;

- 2 Why wilt thou Chloë timid fly
 Thus from me? I no tyger am,
 No fierce Gætulian lion, I
 Pursue, to snatch thee from thy Damnyed (M)
 And grinding tear—as kid or lamb;
 Cease at length thy vain alarms,
 Mature in all thy virgin-charms,
 For me now leave thy mother's arms.

ODE XXIV. TO VIRGIL

On the Death of **QUINTILIUS VARUS.**

Quis, desiderio sit pudor aut modus.

- 1 **W**HAT shame or bound—in loss so dear,
 T'o'erflowings of the pious tear?
 Melpomenè the dirge inspire,
 And with thy voice and plaintive lyre,
 Heaven-blest, accompany his Bier ; 5
 2 Alas ! our dear Quintilius lies,
 Eternal sleep has clos'd his eyes,
 To whom, ye spotless sisters rare,
 O modesty of aspect mild,
 And probity with heart unsoil'd, 10
 And Faith, and Truth with bosom bare,
 When shall ye show in sons of men,
 Thro' endless time, his like again ?
 3 Tho' by the good lamented all,
 A thousand weeping o'er his pall,
 Yet thou dost ever deepest mourn,
 And pious bending o'er his urn,

Bewail

- Bewail, O Virgil—not so given,
 Quintilius, by the fates—of Heaven
 In vain imploring his return; 20
 4 Tho' sweeter than th' Orphean moods,
 Thy Lyre, sequacious list'ning woods
 Could lead, and savage tygers tame,
 Ah! never shall thy Thracian strain,
 To the re-activated frame, 25
 Allure the shadowy form again,
 Which, to the fable Stygian train,
 5 Hath Hermes once with th' horrid rod,
 Compel'd—to tears unpitious He!—
 And death's eternal fixt decree 30
 To break—inexorable God;
 Hard! but by patient fortitude,
 Unconquerable ills are sooth'd,
 And eas'd, what cannot be subdu'd.

ODE XXV. TO LYDIA.

Parcius junctas quatunt fenestras.

- 1 I'M told, the herd of rakes profess'd
 Thy windows rarely now infest,
 Nor break thy gates, nor placid rest,
 Loud turbulent in riot;
 Thy door once kindly pleas'd to move 5
 On pliant hinge, begins to love,
 And hugs, its threshold quiet;
 2 And less and less—thou hear'st in song,
 “ Thy faithful lover weepeth,
 “ Ah! perishing in cold night long; 10
 “ While cruel Lydia sleepeth,

- 3 Now, thou decay'd and vain, the taunts,
 Shalt hear in turn, of proud gallants,
 And, in the porch late plying,
 The Aufters whistling thro' the lane, 15
 Portending cold tempestuous rain,
 Most in the lowest lunar wane,
 Without a mate, sad sighing ;
- 4 Meantime, what ardent loves inflame
 Th' infuriated Filly's Dam, 20
 Shall sorely fry thy Liver,
 In moan, that the gallants of town,
 All leave thee—passing with a frown,
 In the cold night to shiver,
 And with fresh wreaths their temples crown, 25
 And hurl dry winters' leaves adown,
 Confocial Heber's river.

ODE XXVI. TO LAMIA.

Musica Amicus.

- 1 BLEST with the favours of the Nine,
 All fears, and sorrows I consign
 To th' eastern winds, to bear away,
 Or drown in the tempestuous sea ;
- 2 What monarch neath the Arctic star, 5
 Is dreaded, I nor know, nor care,
 By what may *Tiridates vex,
 And, *singular*, his soul perplex,
 Untouch'd—or with his fate in war ;
- 3 Calliopé

* Tiridates was very singularly circumstanced. VIDE. FRANCES' NOTES.

- 3 Calliopé, the purest spring
 Who lov'st, thy choicest fragrance bring,
 And weaving, round his temples spread
 Thy richest wreath—without thy aid
 My honors grace not Lamia's head;
 4 Refit anew thy Lesbian lyre,
 Ye Sisters all conjoin in choir;
 'Tis yours, to consecrate to fame,
 And eternise my Lamia's name.

O D E XXVII.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis.

- 1 **T**O mix in fight, when supper's ended,
 With cups for genial mirth intended,
 O shame! and Thracian like attack us,
 Away—with your barbarian rage,
 The manners of a savage age,
 Unknown to gentle-minded Bacchus;
 2 What hath to do the festal board,
 And wine, with the Vulcanian sword,
 And jarring Lapithéan riot?
 Immense disparity! ye boys
 Compress your sacrilegious noise,
 And leaning, keep your elbows quiet;
 3 Of your Falernian juice austere,
 If I'm invited to a part,
 Let young Megillus first declare,
 The happy Venus of his heart;
 4 What—does the simple Boy deny?
 I'll on no other terms comply,

1 I vow—we need not blush in shame,
 To tell whose piercing dart we feel,
 I know, some fair ingenuous name,
 Megillus always sins genteel :
 5 Commit the Fair without a fear,
 Entrusted to my secret ear;

They whisper.

Ah ! that insidious perfid dame ?
 O ! worthy of a better flame ;
 Unhappy Boy ! how art thou lost,
 In what a false Charybdis tost ?
 What magic charms, what Colchic Bowl,
 Such Fascination can control ?
 Scarce Pegasus can disengage,
 And save thy wretched fetter'd soul
 From the triform Chimæra's rage.

ODE XXVIII.

A Dialogue, between a Mariner and Archytas.

Te maris, et terræ, numeroque carentis arenæ.

MARINER.

1 **T**HE numberless sands, earth, ocean and sky,
 Archytas thy compass had measured all o'er,
 Yet for want of a handful of dust thou shalt lie,
 Excluded from bliss, on the Adrian shore,
 2 What importeth it now, that thy high daring soul;
 Could soar to the Arctic, and Antarctic Pole,
 In system, and science thro' planets could fly,
 Unavailing, Ah ! destin'd so shortly to die ?

The

The Philosopher's Answer.

- 3 The fire of Pelops fell, altho' a guest,
 With Gods admitted to the heavenly feast,
 And Minos died—tho' call'd to realms above,
 And secret councils of Olympian Jove;
 Achilles early yielded to his fate,
 And snatch'd thro' realms of Air Tithonus—late;
- 4 And twice the Samian Sage delaps'd to hell,
 Euphorbus first, when he at Ilium fell;
 Attesting by his shield well known again,
 Soon as beheld in Argive Juno's Fane,
 That death had nothing more from him to boast,
 Than bones and sinews crumbled into dust,
 No sordid judge of nature's secret laws,
 And Truth, you'll own with me his just applause,
- 5 Me too, Orion in his falling course,
 Assisted by his comrade Austers' force,
 Plung'd in th' Illyric waves—but all must tread
 This gloomy path, and one eternal shade
 Of Stygian night, envelopes every head;
- 6 Together go dense crowds of old and young,
 To horrid Mars,* some by the Furies hung,
 A spectacle, in bloody combats slain,
 The greedy merchants perish in the Main,
 By various ways all to one goal must run,
 No living Wight dire Proserpine can turn
- 7 But thou, O sailor vague from strand to strand,
 If thou bearest not a hard unfeeling heart,
 To rest my wend'ring shade, one grasp of hand,
 In pity, to unbury'd bones impart;

- 8 Thus, may fierce Auster, and Orion's star,
 Whate'er they threat, th' Hesperian waves forbear,
 And sparing thee, the Venusine torment,
 Or on the forrests Appennine be spent;
 9 Thus, may the Guardian of Tarenton's tow'r,
 And grateful Jove, on thee, their blessings pour,
 Dost thou to me this slender grace deny?
 The same proud Fates (I'll not unvenged lie)
 Shall in return on wretched thee attend,
 And to thy sons unmeriting, descend;
 10 No victims shall th' inhuman guilt atone,
 And thou neglected Rites, alike shalt moan;
 Altho' in haste, it asks no long delay,
 Thrice sprinkle sand—then hoisting sail—Away.

ODE XXIX. to ICCIUS.

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides.

- 1 **T**HOU castest longing eyes, I'm told,
 On blest Arabia's gems, and gold,
 Ar't meditating dreadful murders,
 To Medes, and on the Red-sea borders
 2 What kings subdu'd, what floods of gore,
 Thro' realms unconquer'd heretofore?
 What nymph, what Queen, the monarch slain,
 Shall serve thee—in a Roman chain?
 What Boy, what Prince thy Ganymede,
 Shall hand thy cup, and side-board spread?
 Well skill'd in the paternal arts,
 To draw the bow and Indian darts.

I hold

- 3 I hold that any river's course,
 May now roll backward to its source,
 And rapid Aufidus ascend, 15
 And to his Daunian mountains tend,
- 4 When thou hast thy late purchas'd store
 Exchanged, and all the muses lore,
 With Plato, th' Academic Prince,
 And all the family of Sense, 20
 And promises far nobler made,
 *All ended in a Spanish Blade.

* All ended in a smart Cockade—We should say in our language.

ODE XXX. TO VENUS.

O Venus, regina Cnidi, Paphique.

O Queen, whom Cyprus, Cnidus own,
 Forsake thy pleasing Paphian Throne;
 Thy Glycerá profusely hails!
 And calls thee with Sabæan gales,
 O Goddess, with thy presence deign, 5
 To bless her decorated Fane,
 By Cupid, and thy virgin train
 Attended, and the Graces fair,
 With zone unloos'd, and bosom bare,
 And—(rude unpolish'd without thee) 10
 Bring YOUTH—and sprightly Mercury.

O D E XXXI.

*To APOLLO at the Dedication of his Temple by AUGUSTUS.**Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem.*

- 1 **W**HEN I thy deity adore,
 Apollo, and libations pour,
 At thy new dedicated shrine,
 What shall thy poet first implore
 Of thee, with sacrifice and wine ? 5
- 2 Not gold, nor the pellucid stone,
 Nor purple, nor the Indian bone,
 Nor lowing herds, nor flocks that bleat,
 In wide Calabria's sultry heat,
 Nor harvests of the golden grain, 10
 That smile on rich Sardinia's plain,
 Nor banks that Lyrus placid laves,
 Abrading with his silent waves ;
- 3 Ye merchants press your wines Calene,
 To whom, heaven gives this happy share, 20
 And the full Casks of Formiane,
 Quaff'd, in your golden goblets drain,
 Recruited with your Syrian ware,
- 4 Dear to the Gods, to Fortune dear,
 Who with impunity, for gain, 25
 Pass and repass, each rolling year,
 The wide Atlantic wrecking main :
- 5 Thy Bard to humble olives yields,
 Content with ~~the~~ salad of his fields ;
 And sound in mind, and body's health, 30
 To taste my little rural wealth,

This

This let me, Phœbus, first require,
 And sinking in not worthless age,
 With honor thro' my latest stage
 To pass, and not without thy Lyre. 35

ODE XXXII. TO HIS LYRE.

Poscimus si quid vacui sub umbra.

- 1 IF e'er with thee in Tyburs' shade,
 O Shell amused, I vacant play'd,
 Now call'd, resound a lasting lay
 Thro' Ages, to the latest day,
- 2 First modulated by the fire
 Of Lesbos—with alternate fire
 Who fierce in Arms—the battle o'er,
And when his shatter'd Bark on shore
Lay moor'd—sung Bacchus God of joy,
 And Venus, and the fervid Boy, 10
- 3 The Muse, and Lyces' bosom fair,
 Of blackest dye, her piercing eye,
 And black her brows, and comely hair :
 Apollo's grace, a welcome guest
 In temples of the Gods caress'd, 15
 Who soothing every bitter care
 Of life, with harmony can't quell,
 Kind coming to my pious pray'r,
 For ever hail ! belovéd Shell.

Thus Ovid to his friends, *Esse Salutati tempus in omne mihi.*

O. D E XXXIII. TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor.

- 1 **I**NDULGE not grief, nor wretched, strain
 Thy moody Elegiac vein,
 If Glycerà the perjur'd Fair,
 (Tibullus) mercylefs prefer
 To thee, a new and younger Swain; 5
- 2 *Lycóris (with delicious brow)
 Thy heart, the loves of Cyrus burn,
 And His for rigid Pholoè glow,
 And thus each Lover's loath'd in turn,
 For sooner Wolves and Kids shall bind, 10
 Than ſhe with Cyrús ſhall be join'd,
 Adulterous wretch ! her utmoſt ſcorn ;
- 3 So Venus and her offspring-God
 Ordain, who oft in cruel joke,
 Are pleas'd t' unite theſe couples odd, 15
 To drag the hard diſcordant Yoke ;
- 4 Tho' bleſt with higher Loves—the curſe,
 O Albius, of a nymph perverſe
 I felt—too pleaſing Myrtalé,
 A haughty Dame (enfranchis'd ſlave) 20
 Uncertain as the wicked Wave,
 That frets the hoarſe Calabrian Bay.

O D E

* Lycoris remarkable for her low and graceful forehead, was once miſtreſs to Gallus, whom ſhe forſook for Mark Antony.

Galle quid infanis, inquit, tua cura Lycoris,
 Perque nives alium, perque horrida caſtra ſecuta eſt.

Virg. Ecl. X.

O D E XXXIV.

Parcus Deorum cultor, & infrequens.

ADORER, infrequent and cold,
 Of th' awful Gods, while youthful bold,
 The schools mad Wiſdom I explore,
 Aberrant in the current's force;
 My Bark now from her devious courſe, 5
 To plough the tracks ſhe left before,
 Returns—for, oft tho' flaming Jove,
 Rends the denſe ſable clouds above,
 Yet late, thro' the ſerenest Air,
 He rolling in his thundering Car, 10
 Shook the brute maſs of Earth around,
 To the Atlantics' utmoſt bound,
 And realms of Acheron profound;
 Whoſe pow'rs ſupreme o'er all command,
 And Monarchs of the Earth confound, 15
 Hence, Fortune with rapacious hand,
 Shall from her vertical proud ſtand,
 With ſhrilly-grating jar o'erthrow
 The higheſt, and exalt the low.

O D E XXXV. TO FORTUNE.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis ANTIIUM.

I **O** Goddeſs of the ANTIAN Land,
 Who powerful from the loweſt ſtand,
 Can'ſt raiſe, and dignify the ſlave,
 Nor ſlack to overthrow the proud,
 And change the purple for a ſhroud, 5
 And triumphs, for the mournful Grave;

- 2 To thee, the poor laborious swain,
 To thee, dread Empress of the Main,
 All sue, and supplicating kneel,
 Who vex with stout Bithynian Keel, 10
 Intrepid, the Neptunian Plain ;
- 3 The Scythian vague, the rugged Dace,
 And Realms, and Cities thee address,
 The Roman fierce, the haughty Mede,
 And barbarous Mother-Queens confess 15
 Thy pow'r, and purple Tyrants dread,
- 4 Left, with indignant foot thou spurn,
 And the proud Column overturn,
 And rouse to Arms the realms of peace,
 And shake the Empires' solid Base ; 20
 Thy Lictor dire Necessity,
- 5 With iron-hand precedeth thee,
 And Hooks, and Nails of brazen head,
 The forcing Wedge, and molten Lead ;
 Thee, white-robed Faith (alas ! how rare ?) 25
 And Hope attend—altho' severe,
- 6 Retreating from the Palace high,
 And in the garb of poverty,
 The humble Cot is by thee sought,
 Light Friends, and perjur'd Harlots flee, 30
 The Cask exhausted to the Lee,
 And shun the Cup's last bitter draught
 Fallacious, sinking from the stroke,
 The burden of the fellow Yoke
- 7 Ah ! loth to bear : O sovran Dame, 35
 Illustrious Cæsar, and his train,
 Now issuing to the Earth's Extreme,
 To Britons—th' utmost race of Men, Preserve,

Preserve, and bless his Latian Hosts,
 And Leaders of his recent Swarms,* 40
 Who bear the terror of his Arms,
 To th' oriental Red-sea Coasts;
 8 Conceal thou, the dishonest Scars,
 O shame! of parricidal wars,
 Which, Romans against Romans wage, 45
 The stain of our nefarious Age,
 What Fane, not criminally torn,
 What unpolluted hallow'd Shrine,
 What sacrilege have we forborn,
 By laws or human, or divine 50
 Unaw'd, in our licentious rage?
 9 Break, and reforge the blunted steel,
 By Brothers plung'd in Brothers breast,
 And let the Massagétæ feel
 It's edge, or the rebellious East. 55

* There were two armies raised, the one destined to Britain, the other to the East.

ODE XXXVI. TO LAMIA.

Et thure, & fidibus juvat,

1 **N**OW strike the Lyre, and deck th' abodes,
 And the Sabæan incense burn,
 Bring victims, and effuse the floods,
 Due to the conserving Gods,
 For happy Numida's return, 5

2 From

- 2 From farthest Spain a welcome guest,
 My Numida to every breast,
 To many, he divides his heart,
 But Lamia holds the warmest part,
- 3 Remember'd well—together school'd,
 They, infant friendship first began,
 And by one lordly master rul'd,
 Together took the *Roba of Man*.
- 4 Pontifically crown the feast,
 With the prime stamp of Cæcubæ blest;
 Ye boys, and nymphs with snowy feet,
 Altern the Salian measures beat,
 With restless Dance, and endless Song,
 And Lute and Lyre, the mirth prolong;
- 5 Haste here—the hardy Apium bring,
 And short-lived Lilies of the spring,
 And charge the Bowl, and fill it up,
 Nor in the Bacchanalian Cup,
 The tipling Damaly shall hope,
 With Baffus' thirsty throat to cope;
- 6 The guests affix'd on Damaly*
 All gaze, with humid gloting eye,
 But She, by her fond Lord carefs'd,
 Shall grow unsever'd to his breast,
 Close, as the clasping ivies twine
 In wanton folds, around the vine.

* ———— Nec Damalis novo

Divelletur Adultero,

And nothing upon Earth shall tear her,

From her old-new Fornicator.

ODE XXXVII. TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero.

- 1 **N**OW give a flow to wine and mirth,
 And freely beat the green sod Earth,
 Ye Saliars crown th' Abodes,
 And deck the couches of the gods,
 And bring th' old Cæcubæ flaggon forth, 5
- 2 E'er this, 'twas sacrilegious sin,
 To raise it from the mouldy Bin,
 While the fierce Queen prepar'd our fate,
 To fire the Capitolian Dome,
 The downfal of Imperial Rome, 10
 Of Cæsar, Fathers, and the State.
- 3 Attended by her servile race,
 (Unman'd, contaminated, base)
 She impotently vain presumes,
 Intoxicated with success, 15
 And muddy Marcotic fumes,
 The Earth's wide empire to possess;
 But her proud soul with fury fraught,
 Transported with the madding draught,
 Was to a sense of sober tears 20
 Subdu'd, and no ideal fears,
 By Cæsar, when (scarce one return'd)
 Her tow'ring ships the victor burn'd,
- 4 Pursuing swift with sails and oars,
 From th' *Actian* to the *Memphian* shores, 25
 As flies th' imperial Bird of Jove,
 Impetuous, on the trembling Dove,

- Or close impel the Hunter-trains;
 The Hind, or timid hare in chace,
 Far o'er the wide Æmonian plains, 30
 Or craggy cliffs of snowy Thrace;
 Thus He—resolv'd to hold in chains,
 This fatal pest—triumphal grace;
 5 But she had fix'd by nobler fate
 To fall—nor sought in close retreat: 35
 The latent shores—nor weak abhor'd,
 In female fears, the pointed sword;
 6 Beheld—with countenance serene,
 Her Court, and desolated reign,
 And fiercer by despair, to grasp
 Determin'd, dar'd the anger'd Asp, 40
 And pressing, in her latest breath,
 Imbibed the black envenom'd death;
 7 Disdainful, She our naval-host,
 And victor of His promis'd boast
 Defrauds—disgrace her only dread, 45
 And scorn'd a princess nobly free,
*Despoil'd of regal * dignity,*
 In th' haughty triumph to be led.

ODE

* Defrauds—and scorneth nobly free,
 DESPOIL'D of regal Dignity,
 Led in proud triumphs to be seen,
 And, as she liv'd, expir'd a Queen.
 But this is too glaringly pretty to suit the *Simplex Munditiis* of Horace.

Depouillee,
 Privee de toute sa dignite.
 Et mourut en Reine.

Sanad.

ODE XXXVIII. TO HIS BOY.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.

BOY, I hate, thou know'st I hate
 The plague, these Persian modes create,
 Seek no more for Roses late,
 Nor binding Phylireas prepare,
 With simple Myrtle deck my hair,
 Not needing thy officious care,
 A sprig, not ill-becoming thee,
 My ready minister of wine,
 Unworthy not of mine, or me,
 Carousing neath a mantling vine.

5

10

The short, snappish, splenetic phrase well preserv'd, is the only beauty of this trifling Ode.

*Persicos odi
 Displicent nexæ
 Mitte Sessari &c.*

The first Book of Horace, tho' not the most entertaining, is the most difficult to be translated, on account of the variety of subjects taken from common life, and therefore not easy to be raised into dignity. I have endeavoured to avoid the three great errors which I have observed in my brother translators; in whom the greatest fault I find, is the omitting one half of their Author, I speak of his principal and most brilliant beauties, &c.

the

the second is their slipping out of the Metaphor, Mood, and Figure, in which the poet runs, as

Quæ velut latis equa trima campis, &c. B. 2. Ode II.

Ego Apis matinae, B. 4. Ode 2.

More modoque, &c. and many more.

The third is their total inattention to the Concordancy of Sounds, and Sense, so highly recommended by Roscommon, &c. This subject is further handled in the preface.

The difficulties of this Author, in which so many have failed, and the venial errors, it was hoped, might have claimed some indulgence from the most unmerciful of Critics, who ungenerously and unfeelingly abused the writings, and more the man,

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.

But what excuse, will Cerberus receive,

What fault, th' Hell-iron-hearted Fiends forgive?

Errata (in some copies.

Ode 2, l. 4. read Thy fulminating hand hath.

— 12. l. 29. omitted

The one in Cæstus-combats crown'd,

One on his Viâor Steed renown'd.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

NOTES and ALTERATIONS, to which the reader is desired to turn in the pages corresponding to the several ODES.

BOOK I. ODE I. VERSE 45.

And thee Mæcenas Ivies grace,
The honour of the learned Race,
And mingled with the Gods upraise;
And me, the soft Æolian lays,
Delight, sequester'd from the throng,
The Satyrs, Fauns, and Nymphs among;
If Polyhimnia deign to join.

ODE II. VERSE 4.

Thy inimical Bolt hath struck.

ODE III. VERSE 57.

And sacrilegious Guilt—THE HIGH
To lay his wrathful Thunders down.

ODE V. VERSE 6.

Thus bind, so elegantly plain,
A violated Faith and Truth,
How soon how oft shall he complain?
Alas! ~~and~~ wanted wond'ring Youth!

ODE VI. VERSE 25.

Or Merion black encrusted o'er
With Dust, besmear'd with hostile gore!

ODE IX. VERSE II.

To still the agitated Woods,
And Tempests battling on the Floods.

ODE XVI. VERSE 36.

If you complacent on your part,
Th'opprobrious taunts recall'd—again
Will give to me your friendly Heart.

ODE XX. VERSE 6.

Received *Mæcenas* with applause;
Thrice gave all Rome the loud acclaim,
The Mocking Nymph return'd the sound,
The Tyber bore it on his stream,
And thy paternal hills around,
And Vatican at once rebound;
But thou shalt quaff well famed Calene,
And Cæcubæ Bacchus, for thee stored,
For, 'neat, their Juices Formiane,
Nor temper the Falerniane,
The smiling Goblet's on my board.

Cæcubam, et Prælo domitam Caleno,
Tu bibes uvam.

ODE XXXI. VERSE 19.

Ye happy Merchants quaff, and cheer
Your souls—and casks of Chian drain,
(Unpunish'd, who three times a year,
Pass o'er th' Atlantic wrecking Main,
Or th' horrid madding Bosphor dare,
Urged by the greedy lust of gain)
Recruited by your precious ware.

ODE 32. V. 16.

Kind soothing every bitter care,
Black thoughts that leath'd intruding steal,
Invok'd by me with Riteful pray'r,
O Dulcet Lyre! forever hail.

ODE XXXIV. VERSE 4.

I change my course, and, *left of yore,*
Re-plough the Tracts, I sail'd before,
For, Jove oft whirls his thundering Car,
Through the sereneft purest air,

And

And through unclouded liquid skies,
His flashing lightning frequent flies,
And the brute Mass of Earth around,
To the Atlantic's utmost bound,
He shakes, and Tænarus profound,
Whose powers supreme o'er all command.

ODE XXXV. VERSE 1.

O Goddess! on thy lofty stand,
Who rul'st the pleasing Antian-land,
Prompt to o'erthrow th'exalted proud,
Or raise and dignify the slave.

VERSE 16.

And with their purple trains in dread,
The Tyrants tremble for their Crown,
Lest thou should'st break the settled peace,
And rouse to Arms a placid race,
And with thy spurning foot, o'erthrown,
Should'st dash the lofty Column down,
And shake th'old Empire's solid Base.

ODE XXXVI. VERSE 22.

Nor thirsty Damaly shall hope,
With Bassus in th'huge Cup to cope;
The Guests all gaze on Damaly,
With lewd lack-lustre gloting eye;
But by her new Gallant caress'd,
She grows unsever'd to his breast,
As the lascivious Ivies twine
Around the Elm, or clasping Vine.

READERS, suspend your Critic Rage,
'Till you've perus'd each alter'd Page.

N. B. Many more alterations will be added, if ever this work shall be deemed worthy of another Edition, in which I shall be glad of the assistance of the Ingenious and learned.

Carp not ye learn'd, or unlearn'd, this Plan
Far better aid with me, all ye who can.

That it may some time or other be fit to appear, in the manner of Frances's, with the text, and annotations, and become an Honour to the Nation, to which, all the translations hitherto published are a reproach and disgrace.

I have generally preserved the *thee-thouing* language, the Ode throughout, if I began with it, but it is so harsh and dissonant to a nicer ear, that I am sometimes obliged to break through the Rule.

(24)

THE SECOND BOOK
OF THE
ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I. to ASINIUS POLLIO

Writing the History of his own Times.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum.

- 1 **O**F the first source of civic woes,
Which in Metellus' year arose,
Modes, means, and every vicious cause,
You treat—the violated Laws,
Intestine Feuds, and ruinous Wars,
The sport of Fortune, and of Mars,
False Coalitions of the Great,
And friendships fatal to the State,
And Arms still reeking with the flood,
Unexpiated Roman blood,
- 2 (A dangerous cast of Die) and tread
On Embers of insidious fire,
And glowing yet in latent ire,
With faithless ashes overspread.
- 3 The tragic Muse a while restrain,
The grace of Rome's imperial Scene,
And ordering first th' affairs of state,
Then, bold in Sophoclean strain,
Resume thy buskin'd talent great,

4 O Pollio,

- 4 O Pollio, blest with Eloquence,
 The injur'd innocents defence,
 Whose Oracle, in high debate,
 The senatorial Fathers wait;
 Nor less thy Bellic fame hath shone,
 Around whose consulary head,
 By thy Dalmatic triumphs won,
 Eternal honour'd Laurels spread: 20
- 5 Already I the clangours hear,
 The brazen Clarions rend the ear,
 The Din of War, the blaze of Arms
 With the o'erdazzling fulgour shed,
 The boldest sons of Mars alarms,
 And shakes the startling Steeds—in dread; 25
- 6 And in the fierce arrang'd Campaign,
 What Champions fall, what Heroes must,
 Distain'd with not inglorious dust,
 Indignant, bite th' ensanguin'd plain? 30
- 7 What conquests—triumphs are pursu'd?
 I see the Earth from Pole to Pole
 Submissive bend, and all subdu'd,
 But Cato, thy ferocious Soul. 35
- 8 Now Juno, and her social Gods,
 Benignant to the Afran plains,
 Had impotent, forsook th' Abodes,
 And desolated Punic Fanes,
 Yet mindful, in their wrathful doom,
 The Grandson blood of victor Rome,
 Attoning sacrifice, they drain,
 Devoted to Jugurtha's Tomb,
 And MANES of the *cruel-slain*: 40
- 9 What 45 50

- 9 What distant Realm, what Gulf, or Shore,
 Unknown to our Bellona's roar,
 What Sea not dy'd with Daunian blood?
 The plains enrich, drencht with the flood,
 The Earth with Monumentals strow'd, 55
 With purple deluges o'erflow'd,
 Shall to the latest times record,
 The ravage of the impious sword;
 10 The Mede, and Scythian heard afar,
 The shock of our lugubrious War;
 And in convulsive ruin hurl'd;
 The crash of our Hesperian World;
 11 But cease to touch in mournful flow,
 O Muse, the Dirge of CEAN woe,
 Forgot thy TEIAN string of Love;
 Resume with me a lighter Bow,
 In Dionèan Venus' Grove;

ODE II. TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

Nullus Argento color est avaris.

- 1 O Crispus, enemy profess'd,
 To treasures sordidly repress'd,
 Gold has no lustre in the MINE,
 Nor in the greedy Misers' chest,
 Unless by temperate use, like thine, 5
 The current metal's taught to shine;
 2 O! blessing every Brother, Kind,
 Live Proculeius, live renown'd,
 For thy paternal generous mind,

Thee

- Thee, Fame thro' heavenly tracts shall sing, 10
 And soaring with unweary'd wing, *
 Thy honors permanent, resound ;
 3 Who tattles this greedy lust of gain,
 A Monarch, wider he shall reign
 Than if he held, together thrown, 15
 The realms of Nile, to distant Spain,
 And both the Punic States his own.
 4 The Dropsy (self indulgent turns'd)
 Grows in unsatiable thirst,
 ¶ Ne'er quencht until the cause accurst 20
 Flies off, and from the morbid veins,
 The watry pallid languor drains :
 5 Virtue superior wise dissent,
 From the mistaken Sentiments
 Of the low crowds, and dares untouch 25
 The popular abuse of speech,
 And from the number of the blest,
 Phraates by his slaves adored,
 And lately to his realms restor'd,
 Exempts—proud Tyrant of the East : 30
 6 And gives her Diadem to the Man
 Sole—who uncaptivated can,
 And with undazzled eye behold
 The glittering Banks of treasure'd gold.

* The *axanoxa* of Pindar.

- ¶ Ne'er quench'd, till from the morbid veins,
 Now flying off the cause accurst,
 The watry pallid languor drains.
 † Vide Claudian's preface to the Panegyric of Honorius.
 Non parvos Aquila lætæ educere Pectus,
 Ante fidem solis, judiciumque Poli.

ODE III, to DELLIVS.

Advising Moderation in Prosperity, and Fortitude in Adversity.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis.

- 1 **P**RESERVE an equal mind serene,
Alike in Fortune low or high,
And from all insolency vain
Attemper'd in the smiling scene,
Rememb'ring, Dellius, thou must die,
- 2 Or be thy life with cares depress'd,
Or cheerful at the daily feast
Reclin'd, with choice Falerny blest,
Where poplar, and the lofty pine,
Their branches amicably twine,
- 3 To form the hospitable shade,
And trembling brooks obliquely stray,
And fretting quest their weary way,
With murmurs thro' the willow glade;
Here, then rich wines and odours bring,
And short-lived Roses of the spring,
And every appetency please,
While health and wealth, and all agree,
While runs the thread on of the Three
Dark spinster-Sisters of our days,
- 5 Thy purchas'd Villa thou must leave,
And Palace lay'd by Tyber's wave,
The gold thou art so fond to hoard,
Must shortly to another pass,
He lays thee decent in the grave,
And mourning, Dellius, takes thy place.

- 6 Whate'er our race, or high or low,
 Alike the coward, brave, and good,
 Are victims to th' unsparing God,
 Unmercifully doom'd to go, 30
- 7 All crowded to one goal—altern,
 Or soon or late, to each the lot
 Comes forth, shook from the fable urn,
 Committing to the Stygian Boat
 The exiles, *never* to return. 35

ODE IV. TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS,

Who had lately married his Maid.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

- 1 **L**ED by th' example of the Brave,
 Blush not, if yielding to thy slave,
 'Thou'lt made her partner of thy bed,
 Tho' fierce and insolent in Arms,
 Yet, to Brisei's snowy Charms,
 Achilles stoop'd his Victor-head;
 And to his captive, vanquish'd kneel'd
 The master of the sevenfold shield;
 2 And on his proud triumphal Day,
 Atrides mighty king of Men,
 Burn'd for the ravish'd Fair one—when
 The barbarous swarms were swept away,
 And Troy, of *Hector* now bereft,
 Was to the conquering Pthian left
 And weary Greeks, an easier prey;
 15 Who

- 3 Who knows what prize may be thy share,
In sales promiscuous of the Fair?
To Kings and Tetrarchs, by thy Bride,
Perhaps, thou now mayst be allied;
4 She, doubtless of some princely race, 20
By Fates malignant in distress,
Bemoans, an exile, her disgrace;
Nor think, that one so fair and true,
Disdaining lucre's sordid view,
Or, from the base Plebeian crew, 25
Or of abandon'd mother came,
The offspring of her guilt and shame.
5 I with integrity of heart,
May praise her snowy neck, and arms,
Her taper leg, and other charms, 30
What jealousy can I impart?
6 O friend, th' unworthy thought forbear,
From me, now in declining wear,
And trembling, past my fortieth year,
Say, what hath sponsal love to fear? 35

ODE V.

Nondum subactâ ferre jugum valet.

- 1 **T**HY Heifer's young, as yet unbroke,
Impatient of the fellow-yoke,
And toils of the laborious Mate,
And galling chains incumbent weight;
2 To flowery groves her fancy leads, 5
With Yearlings sporting in the Meads,

She

She basketh in the genial beams,
Or cooleth in the running streams

The Heat, or crops the willow blades :

3 Prefs not the grape ~~too crude~~ ^{ripe} auster, 10

Soon shall the plumping clusters rise,

In the returning mellow year,

Distinguish'd by their various dyes :

4 Let Time—of *which* it's shortning thee,

A few more years to Lalagé

Account—*this Age in swift Career*

Rolls on—then She without a fear,

Mature in all her luscious charms,

Shall melting drop into thy arms :

5 Nor Chloris shall with her compare, 20

Nor Pholoë, the leading Fair,

(With glowing cheek, and bosom white,

Above all Parian polish'd bright,

Pure as the spotless Cynthia's beams,

When she serenest darts her rays,

And dazzling, o'er the crystal streams,

Th' insufferable lustre plays)

6 Nor Cnidian Gyges, blooming young,

When mid the choral virgin throng

Plac'd—with the difference nice between 30

The Sexes, hardly to be seen,

Who would impose—*With wond'ring eyes**

On strangers, tho' reputed wise,

With ivory neck, and hair in grace

Loose flowing, and ambiguous face. 35

* *MUREI Sagaces falleret Hospites.*

O D E VI. TO SEPTIMIUS

Septimi, Gades aditure miscum.

- 1 **S** EPTIMIUS, who wouldst me attend,
 To utmost Gades, *the world's end*,
 Or to the Cantabri unbroke,
 Indocile of our Roman yoke,
 Or where Barbarian Syrtes roan,
 And fretting, lash the Moorish shore;
 2 May Tybur's mild sequester'd plains,
 First settled by th' Argæan swains,
 Become my last retreat in ease,
 The term of all my hard campaigns,
 And weary toils by land and seas;
 3 If this, malignant Fates deny,
 To thee, Tarenton let me fly,
 And where thy streams, *Galesus*, keep
 Lapt in soft pelts, the snowy sheep,
 Sweet realms, where old Phalantus sway'd,
 His Colonies from Sparta led;
 4 This corner of all earth, and sea,
 The most inviting spot to me,
 On which, hath Heaven indulgent smil'd
 With longer spring, and winters mild,
 Whose olives with Venafræ's vie,
 Whose Honey's rich Hymetta's try,
 Nor fertile Aulon's sun-burnt side,
 Ought envies high Falerny's pride;
 5 These lofty towers, sweet pleasing place,
 Demand our last sojourn in peace;
 Here thou shalt what is mortal burn,
 And the warm ashes with a tear
 Bedewing, of thy poet dear,
 Commit my reliëts to the urn.

O D E VII. TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

O saepe mecum tempus in ultimum.

- 1 **P**OMPEY, my first selected friend,
 A love from first to last sustain'd,
 With whom, in wine and essence gay,
 I've seen full many a loitring Day,
 Soft gliding, unperceiv'd end, 5
- 2 Pompey, what happy Fates, once more,
 Th' old Roman to his native shore,
 And to his Latian Gods restore?
 With thee, when Brutus led the Field,
 I felt Philippi's fierce Campaign 10
 And Rout—and left *not well* my shield,
 Where patriot Virtue strove in vain,
 And mighty Chiefs compel'd to yield,
 Indignant, bit the dusty plain;
- 3 But, Mercury snatcht me in his arms, 15
 And *panting*, thro' the thickest swarms
 Bore, in a veil of clouded Air,
 While, thee still on the angry side,
 The fretting fluctuating Tide
 Absorbing, swept again to war. 20
- 4 Come then, brave Soldier cheerfully,
 Thy vows first paid with grateful mind,
 And Feast—to *th' heavenly Deity*,
 And rest thy weary sides with me,
 Beneath my Laurel-shade reclin'd, 25
 Nor spare the Casks design'd for thee.
- 5 Haste, charge—fill high the ample Bowl,
 With wines *oblivious* cheer the soul,

Here

Here—who the crown of Apium weaves,
 And Myrtle's never fading leaves ?
 6 Whom wilt thou Venus Queen—ordain,
 To rule the wild carousing Scene,
 Than Bacchanals not less insane ?
 My soul's elect, my better half
 Restor'd to me, my Varus safe,
 O sweet, on such occasion glad !
 This day I am, and will be mad.

ODE VIII. TO BARINÉ.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati.

1 **I** D wicked perjuries efface
 In thee, one single line of grace,
 But spot a tooth, or speck a nail,
 Or give the slightest female ail,
 I then, might have some little Faith,
 To credit what Bariné saith,
 2 But, as the more her vows she breaks,
 Her face a brighter lustre takes,
 And out she comes, *the public care,*
 improv'd in every grace and Air;
 3 Go on—it thrives and does thee good,
 Fines thy complexion, clears thy blood;
 Swear by thy mother's hallow'd urn,
 The silent orbs, that roll and burn,
 And all the Holies in their turn !
 4 Mild Venus at thy falsehoods smiles,
 And blesses all thy pretty guiles,

The Nymphs and Graces *must* approve,
 And Cupid too—the God of Love,
 On his Blessed Stone whetting darts
 Of steel, to pierce the hardest hearts;
 5 Besides, the rising Age is thine,
 And all in new succession pine,
 Still doom'd the former to enslave,
 And cursing, what they cannot leave;
 6 The mother dreads for *twenty one*,
 The pinching Father for his son.
 And thee, yet fears the anxious Bride,
 But late in holy nuptials tied,
 Left, blasted by thy fatal charms,
 The Bridegroom *languish* in her arms.

ODE IX. TO VALGIUS.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidas.

1 SAY, does the unremitting snow,
 Thy flooded dreary fields deform,
 Or is the Caspian every hour,
 Vex'd with th' unequal squally storm?
 2 Armenia's realms for ever clad
 With rigid ice, and fleecy snow,
 Or, rends the Tempest—always mad,
 The woods on Bleak Gorgona's brow?
 3 But thou, in never ceasing flow
 Of tears, pursu'st thy moody woe,
 Bewailing *Myſte, lost and gone!*
 When Hesper shews his Evening ray,
 And when the Harbinger of day,
 He flees before the rapid Sun:

- 4 Did Priam, or the sister-train, 15
 The everlasting dirge sustain,
 In his first dawn of rising man,
 For Troilus unhappy slain,
 Or, he whose life three Ages ran,
 Thro' the long course of years hold on 20
 His moaning, for his gallant son?
 5 At length the querulous soft strain,
 Indulging thy unmanly pain,
 Forbear—and sing with me the praise,
 And Trophies of AUGUSTUS' Days, 25
 How He, o'er Mount-NIPHATES,
 In Arms, the conquer'd nations sways,
 Or curbs by wisest Treaties;
 6 Euphrates, checkt by his control,
 Shall in a lesser vortex roll, 30
 The Medes, and vague Gelonian Tribes,
 With ratling quiver at their side,
 In narrower bounds shall learn to ride,
 As Victor Cæsar now prescribes,

* HESPER or VENUS, one half of the year the Morning, the other
 the Evening Star.

ODE X. TO LICINIUS MURENA.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum.

- 1 **A** Right, thy course of life to steer,
 Attempt not always the main Deep,
 Nor yet in over cautious fear,
 To shun each rising storm, too near *
 Malignant shores, and shallows creep:

* The Shoals, and Shores malignant keep.

- 2 Not high nor low, but both between,
 Who loves this sober golden Mean,
 Above the sordid clownish cell,
 Where poverty and sorrow dwell;
 He *wants* the Lordly Pile of State,
 And *Envies* too—that on it wait.
- 3 Storms ofttest bend the mountain-Oak,
 And rend the Cedar proud and tall,
 With thunders, highest hills are struck,
 And with a heavier ruin shook,
 The Palaces and Towers fall.
- 4 With soul prepar'd, distrust the best,
 Nor yet despond, altho' depress'd
 By Fate, for ever hope and pray,
 The God, who gives the winter's night,
 Shall give alike the summer's day,
 And with a cheerful ray of light,
 Dispel the present cloud of woe;
 Altern, the Horns of Cynthia glow,
 Does Phœbus always beam serene,
 For ever wake the Muses strain,
 Or always ply the bended Bow ?
- 5 When Fortune low'rs, call forth thy pow'rs *
 And all thy manly spirit show,
 But, if with o'er-benignant gales,
 Before the wind thy Gally go,
 Be wise in time, and reef thy sails,
 Ere yet the tempest dangerous grow.

O D E

* When Fortune, *VARIOUS GODDESS* low'rs,
Licinius, firm call forth thy Pow'rs,

ODE XI. TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes.

- 1 **W**HAT Cantabri, and Scythians ponder,
 By seas disjoin'd, and far alunder
 Remov'd—a restless warring throng,
 Forbear to seek, nor anxious heed
 For life, which doth but little need, 5
 Nor can it need that little long ;
- 2 For soon shall light gay Youth recede,
 And beauty's lustre pass away,
 And wither'd hoary Age succeed,
 And Care, expelling from thy breast, 10
 Lascivious loves, and jocund play,
 And easy comfortable rest ;
- 3 Nought permanent on Earth we find,
 Not always, flow'rs their grace retain,
 The Moons alternate Fill, and Wane ; 15
 Why then, should Man, to future blind,
Less than Eternal here design'd,
 With' endless schemes torment his mind ?
- 4 Why not *already*, in the shade
 Of lofty Pines, by fountains laid, 20
 With Women, Wine, and Essence gay,
 Pass we our easy hours away,
 Carousing in the genial day ?
 For these dispel corroding care,
 And clear the horrors of despair ; 25
- 5 Haste then—who brings the gelid streams,
 To quench the brisk Falerny's flames ?
 Who now shall Lydé, *vocal Fair*,
 Addressing, lure from her abode,
 Skill'd in the Lyre—with flowing hair, 30
 Or knotted in the Spartan mode ?

ODE

ODE XII. TO MÆCENAS.

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantia.

- 1 **T**HE long and hard Numantia's fate,
 Pursu'd with famine, sword, and fire,
 And dread, to the Romulean State,
 The wars of Hannibal the dire,
 Sicilian Seas with purple floods
 Distain'd—*wouldst thou to the soft moods*
Attune, of Cytheréan Lyre ?
- 2 Hylæus, full of wine, and loud
 The jarring Lapithæan crowd,
Adapt to Teian strings of Love,
 Or th' earth-born rebel sons o'erthrown
 By th' hand of fulminating Jove,
 Who shook the great effulgent Throne
 Of Heaven, endangering all above ?
- 3 The fierce campaigns of Cæsar's reign,
 15 Relate thou in thy flowing strain,
 And bend the necks of Kings uncrown'd,
 Drag'd o'er the Capitolian Mound ;
 And me my Goddess muse impels,
 20 To softer battles of the Fair,
 She on Lycimnia's bosom dwells,
 Or in the ringlets of her hair,
 With lucid eye, as Venus star,
- 4 And in the sprightly contest, gay
 In rally, easy courtly play ;
 25 With grace to give her waving hand,
 When tripping with the virgin-band,
 On Dian's celebrated day ;

- A heart in faithful loves combined,
 And happy unison of mind :
 5 Wouldst thou exchange for treasures rare,
 For gems of Araby the blest,
 One smile of the indulgent Fair,
 For all, Achæmenes posselt,
 One single Locket of her Hair? 35
 6 When she with fragrant cheek complies,
 Or now with heck reflex'd, denies
 With easy cruelty the kiss,
 Yet wishing thou wouldst seize the bliss,
 Unaskt—or now to snatch it flies.* 40

* Interdum rapere occupet.

O D E XIII.

*Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
 Quicunque primum, et sacriloga manu
 Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
 Perniciem, opprobriumque pagi.*

- 1 **D** I R E tree! whoever rais'd thee first,
 And on some day by heaven accurs'd,
 And with a sacrilegious band,
 To grow my *Villa's* vile disgrace,
 Pernicious to her future race, 5
 Thee planted on my Sabine Land,
 Was exercis'd in horrid deeds,
 Had dealt in death, and Colchic weeds;
 2 He must have been a parricide,
 And with the blood of guests had dy'd
 Th' un hospitable midnight sword,
 Or worse had done—if more abhorr'd

Can

Can be—who fixt thee o'er *my* seat,
 Thee treach'rous Trunk ! thy harmless Lord,
 To crush with undeservèd fate : 15

3 No man knows what he hath to shun
 In life, nor can secure be fenc'd,
 The wisest are not arm'd against

All hazards, they must daily run ;
 4 The ills just hanging o'er our head, 20

We weak short sighted mortals dread,
 No other présent to our mind ;

The sailor shuns the Bosphor-Strait,
 The wrecking rocks, and stormy wind,

But looks (to other chances blind) 25
 Not one step farther into Fate ;

5 The Parthian's sudden flight and Bow,
 Our troops by sad experience know,
 The fleeing Parthians' taught at length,

To fear the chain, and Roman strength ; 30
 But ills—an unexpected train,

Beyond forecast, and out of dread,
 Have whelming snatcht, and shall again

Whole nations sweep among the Dead :

6 How near a chance stood we, t' have seen, 35
 Stern Pluto, and his sable Queen,

In Acherontic shades a guest,
 And Æacus the judge of Hell,

And where the Bards sequester'd dwell,
 In mansions of the pious blest ? 40

Where Sappho in her tender strains
 Of insulary nymphs complains ;

7 With golden Lyre full loud and strong,
 Alcæus strikes, and charms the throng

Of Ghosts, he moan'd his own sad fate, 45
 Hard fate, and flight by sea and land,
 By doom of war, and th' heavy hand,
 Of Envious persecuting hate;
 8 Each, worthy of attentive ear,
 The shades in sacred silence hear, 50
 But when with more exalted Lyre,
 Embattled plains, and Tyrants dire
 By Arms expuls'd, in patriot ire
 He sung, the MANY take his part,
 In denser swarms they close around, 55
 They greedy drink the tale—the sound
 Descendeth deep into the heart;
 What wonder? when allur'd by lays,
 The hundred-headed Monster stays
 His howl—and bending all his ears, 60
 In stupid gaze, enchanted hears;
 Twin'd in their locks—amus'd with song
 The Furies snakes, disporting hung;
 9 All Hell look'd up in extacy,
 Deceived of pangs by melody, 65
 Nor Japhet's race, nor Pelop's feel
 Or thirst, or heart-corroding pain,
 The Tityan Vulture gnaws in vain,
 Ixion resteth on his wheel;
 Nor heedeth, charm'd by sounds Orion, 70
 The chace of Lynx, or tawny Lion.

ODE XIV. TO POSTHUMUS.

Eheu! fugaces Posthume, Posthume.

- 1 **O**! Posthumus, the flitting years,
 Alas! unceasing glide away,
 Nor can thy piety nor tears,
 Or stay the steps of wrinkled Age,
 Or th' adamantin Blow delay,
 Of Death's indomitable rage
- 2 A hundred Hecatombs a day,
 Can not the Stygian pow'r assuage,
 The merciless whose waves enfold
 Geryon quell'd, of tenfold strength,
 And Tityus thee, enormous length
 Outstretcht o'er many an Acre roll'd :
- 3 In vain we dread th' Autumnal damps,
 And Syrius' pestilential reign,
 And the Mavortian bloody camps,
 Or Adria's hoarse resounding Main;
- 4 For whether low, or high our race,
 From Heroes, or Plebeians base,
 All, in the dreary realms below,
 Thy irrenavigable flood,
 Cocytus rowling sadly slow,
 Must pass, who taste of earthly food,
- 5 And see—where Danaus' impious train,
 Must labours of the Urn sustain,
 And doom'd Eternal toils to feel,
 Thee Sisyphus, protruding vain,
 Thy rock—And *vast* Ixion's wheel :

- 6 The treasures, thou'rt so fond to save,
 Thy Dome, and Lands, and bosom-Wife,
 And whate'er else is dear in life, 30
 Alas ! thou Posthumus, must leave,
 Of all thy cultur'd trees, but One,
 The hateful Cypress, She alone,
When thy short Day of Life is done,
 Her Lord shall follow to the Grave. 35
- 7 Long fast with many a bolted Door,
 Some worthier Heir shall drain and pour
 Thy Hogsheads, and thy Parian floor
 Distain, magnificently grac'd,
 With floods of thy Falernian Vine, 40
 Delicious ! as the Flamens Wine,*
 When they pontifically feast.

* Old and modern Rome differ very little in Luxury, what the Scarlet Flamen-Priests were, the Cardinals are now, and Priests Wine is a Proverb to this Day.

* Rich as the Cardinals old Wine, &c.

ODE XV.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regia.

- 1 SO vast our regal structures grow,
 And Villas wide to towns expand,
 Scarcely will one Acre for the Plow
 Be left, in our Hesperian Land ;
- 2 Our Gardens a whole country take,
 And Fishponds, each a Lucrine Lake,
 Late-fruitful vallies overflow ;
 The Violet, and the Myrtle greets,

- The Senses with abundant Sweets,
 Diffus'd in fragrant useleſs blow; 10
- 3 Th' unmarriageable PLANES o'erwhelm
 With Shade the hospitable Elm;
 Then to exclude the ſcorching Sun,
 Denſe Rows of Laurel-hedges run,
 Extended o'er the cultur'd ground, 15
 In antient days far better ſtored,
 And fertile to its former Lord,
 With Fruits and annual Olives crown'd;
- 4 To Romulus unknown—unborne!
 In times of Cato the unthorn; 20
 Small was each perſonal eſtate,
 But the Community's was great,
 Then, limited by juſt decrees,
 None proudly durſt outmeaſur'd ſpread,
 The Portico's wide Colonade, 25
 To intercept the northern breeze;
- 5 No law, nor private Sire diſown'd,
 The caſual cot of humble ſods,
 But from the public Treafure found,
 In uſeful Works, towns, bridges, roads, 30
 Roman Magnificence was ſhown,
 And raiſing Temples to the Gods,
 Superb of pureſt Parian Stone.

ODE XVI. TO POMPEIUS GROSYPHUS.

Otium divos rogat in patenti.

- 1 CAUGHT on the wild Ægæan Seas,
 When clouds the Moon involving hide,
 No certain ſtar his courſe to guide,
 The Sailor ſues to heaven for eaſe,

- 2 The gallant Mede in quiver'd grace, 5
 Alike, and war-ensuried Thrace,
 All pray for ease—not to be sold,
 Nor had for Purple, Gems, or Gold,
- 3 For neither Sums congested high, 10
 Nor consulary dignity,
 With Liçtors and the Fasces dread,
 Can strike the soul's black terrors dead,
 And cares that round the Palace fly,
 And haunt the lofty Colonade ;
- 4 Of clean paternal Cot posselt, 15
 Hail ! sober He, whose frugal Board,
 Doth *slender* fare, but *neat* afford,
 No fordid cares disturb his breast,
 Nor break his comfortable rest ;
- 5 Why short-lived aim—in endless strife, 20
 At Bliss beyond the mark of Life ?
 To climates warm'd with other Suns,
 In vain the vagrant exile runs,
 Who fleeing—Self, and conscience shuns ?
- 6 For with him in the Gallies speed, 25
 Sails *haunting*, Vitious fear, his mind,
 Nor leaving—on his gallant steed,
Swift as the Stag, or wing'd wind,
 She sits, and chases close behind ;
- 7 Enjoy the hour, nor sling away, 30
 One thought beyond the present Day,
 And temper'd with a lenient smile,
 The bitter dregs of life beguile,
 Well known—'tis not in Human Fate,
 To find the bliss in all complet ; 35
- 8 Death

- 8 Death early quell'd Achilles' rage,
 Tithonus droops in lengthen'd age ;
 And Time may kindly give to me,
 What, peevish, it denies to thee,
 9 Fair oxen lowe around thy gate, 40
 A thousand ewes, and lambkins bleat,
 And fillies neigh, and double dy'd,
 The Tyrian purples grace thy side ;
 10 My thread, the Spinster-sisters drew, 45
 And stamp't prophetically true,
 My fate—" be thine a slender vein
 " Not spiritless, of Lesbian strain,
 " A decent rural Seat, and proud,
 " To spurn the base malignant Crowd.

ODE XVII. TO MÆCENAS.

Cur me querelis exanimas, tuis ?

- 1 **W**HY wilt unhumanly complain,
 And tease me with thy dying strain,
 Displeasing to the Gods, and me,
 That thou, my Grace and Column Main
 Of all, shouldst first to Fate's decree 5
 Submit ? if thou art snatch'd away,
 No longer equal dear, nor whole
 Surviving, losing half my soul,
 2 Mæcnas, why should I delay ?
 Believe, believe the sacred oath 10
 To heaven, unviolable troth,
 Of friendship's faithful bond, one day
 One ruin shall absorb us both ;

- 3 Howe'er it be—do I precede,
 Or thou, maturer victim, lead 15
 The way, with thee prepar'd to go,
 The gloomy path, conjoin'd I'll tread,
 Unsever'd in the shades below ;
- 4 Nor hundred-headed Gyas dire,
 Nor the Chimæra breathing-fire,
 Shall ever tear my friend from me,
 So Justice, and the Gods decree ; 20
- 5 And whether Libra mounted high,
 Or Scorpius of malignant eye,
 Beheld my dawn (whose gloomy pow'r,
 Rules dreadful o'er the natal hour) 25
 Or Capricorn, of angry rays,
 The Tyrant of th' Hesperian Seas ;
- 6 Our Guardian Stars, in Harmony
 Do like a prodigy agree,
 For thee, Jove's tutulary sway,
 Snatcht from Saturnus' impious ray, 30
 Retarding, premature in Threat,
 The hovering wing of pressing Fate ;
- 7 When thrice we heard in loud acclaim,
 Th' applausive Theatres of Rome, 35
 With shouts that shook the concave Dome,
 Mæcenus, Eccho to thy Name.
 And me, impending o'er my head,
 A tree accurst ! had stricken dead,
 Had not our God, benignant Pan,
 (The Friend of the Mercurial Clan) 40
 With hand sustaining, timely broke*
 The fall—and rescu'd from the stroke. 8 Be

* Nisi Faunus idum

Dextre levasset:

Vide. Ode XIII.

- 8 Be votive Temples rais'd by thee,
 With victims to the saving Gods,
 Smote on the Shrine of humble sods,
 A kid, or lamb redeemeth me. 45

O D E XVIII.

Non ebur, neque aureum.

- 1 **N**OR gold, nor ivory inlaid
 Is flaming o'er my cielings spread,
 Nor hewn from utmost Afric come,
 Hymetian Beams, to grace my Dome,
 Propt by a lofty Colonade, 5
- 2 Nor a pretended Heir, unknown,
 Usurpt I, Attalus, thy Throne;
 Nor Client Dames with nicest hand,
 Draw purple threads by my command :
- 3 But with a flow of Muse benign, 10
 Faith, and the candid heart are mine,
 In fortune poor, with merit blest,
 I'm by the proud and great carefs'd ;
- 4 Contented with my Sabine fields,
 Whose soil it's grateful tribute yields, 15
 Enough—nor do I heaven implore,
 Nor tease my potent Friend for more,
- 5 Day presses on the Heels of Day,
 Moons fill, and wane, and wear away,
 And warn us of short life's decay, 20
 Yet, you the labour'd Quarry heave,
 And meditate the future Dome,
 And structures—you must shortly leave,
 Unmindful of the gaping Tomb; 6 Poor

- 6 Poor in th' whole *Latian Continent*,
 Too small your wishes to content,
 Spite of the indignant Ocean's roar,
 Encroaching on the Element,
 You forward urge the *Baian Shore*,
 O'erleap the client's sacred bound,
 Uproot the landmark from the mound ;
- 7 Expel'd from his paternal Sods,
 The Sire to distant new abodes ;
 The wretched Mother bathed in tears,
 Th' embosom'd squallid offspring bears,
 And unavailing *Lares-Gods* :
- 8 What would this Lord, in boundless aim ?
 All-parent Earth, an equal Dame,
 The Poor, no less than thee shall claim ;
 Sure as proud stands thy Dome of State,
 Shall Death thy haughty head await,
 And *Hadés* thy eternal Seat
 Must be—for there no gold could hire
 The Pilot of *Cocytus* dire,
 Returning o'er the shadowy way,
 The crafty *Promethèan* Sire
 To waft again, to upper Day ;
- 9 Yet He who *Tantalus* detains,
 And all his impious race in chains,
 * Call'd, or not call'd, at length receives,

* See this obscure passage explained in the conclusion of Ep: 16, to *Quinctius*.

*Great King of Thebes, what thy commands severe,
 And what unworthy—bidst thou me to bear?
 I'll seize thy Goods, and thee in jail confin'd
 And chain'd, I'll hold—thou can'st not chain the mind,
 Seize freely Gold, and Moveables, and All,
 The God shall set me free, whene'er I call :
 I'll die—He means—for Death concludes our woes,
 The utmost Line of all, and bounding close.*

And with benignant hand relieves
The wretch, from thy inflicted pains!

ODE XIX. TO BACCHUS.

Bacchum, in remotis carmina rupibus.

- 1 **B**ACCHUS, I saw—mid Rocks remote,
Posterity believe, and note!
His precepts dictating in song,
Attentive Nymphs the Circle deck,
And Satyrs with their ears erect,
All list'ning to his numbers throng;
2 Hark! Evœ, Evœ I hear,
And palpitating yet in fear,
My heart with recent terror thrills,
Tumultuous joy my bosom fills;
10 O spare, tremendous with thy spear,
With *leave*—thy mysteries divine
I sing, and floods of Milk and Wine;
3 Thy honor'd Ariadne's Crown,
New wonders of the starry Zone,
15 The Thracian King Lycurgus slain,
And Theban Pentheus's realms o'erthrown,
And judgments hurl'd on the Profane;
4 Thou smot'st the Rocks, and from the Rocks,
The sudden gushing waters rose,
20 And from the Trunks of hollow Oaks,
Exuding Nectar-Honey flows;
5 Thy potent arm divides the Sea,
The barbarous floods, the winds obey,

The

Thee, sever'd on Cytheron's Heights, 25
 The vinous Purple Juice delights,
 And thy Edoni Priestess-Bands,
 The serpent of the Desert bear,
 A fillet to their knotted hair,
 And grasp, deceitless to their hands; 30
 When scaling the effulgent Throne,
 And threatening Jove's imperial Crown,
 Strove Rhæcus, and the impious Brood,
 Thy tawny Lion-form pursu'd
 And wrench'd the Rebel *thence*—o'erthrown, 35
 And with tremendous jaws subdu'd:
 *7 And tho' in blooming beauty gay,
 Thy form seem'd fitter for the Fair,
 The choral dance, and courtly play,
 Yet, thou hadst talents, and couldst dare, 40
 And mediate in Peace—in war
 Couldst rule the fierce embattled Day;
 Thee, when thy golden Horn appear'd,
 Innocuous Cerberus rever'd,
 With adulation fond to greet, 45
 Nor fail'd the Monster, crouching hung,
 And blandishing—with triple Tongue
 To touch the God's departing feet.

M

O D E

* Bacchus' character, as a Legislator, a General, Statesman and Gentlemen, is but little known, being generally mistaken for the drunken Silenus, in our Ribaldry Songs.

Before, the use of Letters was known, the precepts of morality were rehearsed and sung, and Laws, Records, &c. were committed to Memory.

—Bacchus amid the Rocks remote,
 I saw, and heard — BELIEVE AND NOTE!

ODE XX. TO MÆCENAS.

Non uſtata mec tenui ſerar.

- 1 **A** BARD Biſorm, the liquid air,
 Mæcenas thou ſhalt ſee me try,
 And on no common pinion dare,
 The traſts of the Æthereal ſky ;
- 2 For know, though ſprung from parents mean, 5
 (To whom the name thou oft wilt deign
 Of Friend) I am not doom'd to die ;
 By Stygian floods confin'd to lie ;
- 3 Nor longer will with mortals ſtay,
 Above all envy and decay, 10
 I'll riſe—and cities will forſake,
 And to thy Streams Cayſter take ;
 Already I've a rougher ſkin,
 My downy plumes to ſhoot begin,
 And cloath my ſhoulders, breaſt and ſide, 15
 And with a long ſonorous throat,
 A volatile of ſweeteſt note ;
 Upborne upon the winds I'll glide ;
 Higher than Icarus I'll ſoar,
 Nor dread the Cancer's melting Beams, 20
 I'll ſee the rude Gelonian Streams,
 And where the Boſphor's Billows roar,
 The ſkilful Iber, and the Swain
 Vague, rolling in his rolling Wain,
 And who diſſimulate their fear, 25
 At heart, of our Mavortian Spear,
 And dread of Roman Chains diſown,

The Gelid Iſter and the Dnyper ſhall know
 To th' utmoſt Hy perboreans known.

BOOK I. ODE 32. V 3.

Attun'd first by the Lesbian Sire,
Or brave to fight, or sweep the Lyre,
Who, when his Bark was laid on shore,
The Battle, or the Tempest o'er,
Sung Venus, and the servid Boy,
The Nine—and Bacchus God of Joy.

NOTES and ALTERATIONS.

BOOK II. ODE III. VERSE 3.

And most, from insolvency vain,
If thou a lofty station gain,
Attemper'd, *knowing thou must die.*

VERSE 31.

All crowded to one Goal, altern,
Or soon, or later from the Urn,
We must receive our lot extreme,
Embark'd, borne o'er the Sable Stream,
Ah! Exiles, never to return.

ODE V. VERSE 15.

This Age rolls on in swift career,
Let time account to her a few
lit Years (which it might take from you)*
Then Lalagè without a fear.

* i. e. Which you may well spare.

VERSE 36.

With Ivory neck, and locks in grace
Effus'd, and sweet ambiguous face.

ODE VI. VERSE 17.

Be this my last retreat, and here,
What's mortal of me thou shalt burn,
And the warm ashes with a tear
Due—sprinkling of thy Poet deary
Commit my relicts to the urn.

ODE VII. VERSE 36.

I am, and will be merry mad.

ODE X. VERSE 19.

By Fate—in Heaven confiding pray,
And hope a cheering ray of Light,
The God that gives the Winter's Night,
Shall give alike the Summer's Day,
Altern the Horns of Cynthia glow,
The Muses' Strains not always flow,
Nor Phœbus always bends his bow.

ODE XI. VERSE 13.

The Moon renews her horns, and wanes,
And bloom, and fade the flow'ry plains,
And nothing fix'd on earth remains.

ODE XII. VERSE 15.

Do thou relate in flowing strains,
Historic, Cæsar's fierce campaigns.

VERSE 36

With neck reflex when she'll comply,
Or now reluctant gently coy,
With easy cruelty deny,
To thee, the kind entreated Joy,
Yet wishing thou would'st seize the bliss
Unask'd—when she could willing fly,
To snatch from thee the ravish'd kiss.

ODE XV. VERSE 32.

And raising sanctify'd abodes,
Superb, of purest Parian Stone,
Devoted to th'Hesperian Gods.

ODE XVI. VERSE I.

When sable clouds involving hide
The Moon, no star their course to guide,
Caught on the wild Ægean Seas,
The Sailors pray for home and ease.

ODE XIX. Verse 33.

When with their hundred hands, the Brood
Assail'd thy Sire's Effulgent Throne,
Thy tawny-lion form pursu'd,
And rench'd the Rebel Rhæcus strown,
And with tremendous Jaws subdu'd.

The Phasis, Ister, rapid Rhone, 30
 And th' utmost Hyperboreans Known;
 7 Of base lament, let me not hear,
 And Dirge around my empty Bier,
 And the superfluous honors spare,
 Mæcenas, of my Sepulchre, 35
 Nor drop for me one idle tear.

* Francis—Very properly, as the painter on his sign has put under,
 This is a SWAN.

I undertook this work, because I thought no other person would take
 so much pains with it, as I should.

Nec me, mea cura fefellit.

For I have, with unwearied diligence, sought Propriety, Phrase,
 and Rhime: Nor shall I cease, by every endeavour, to correct and
 improve it, *Dum spiritus hos regit artus.*

E; G: B. 1. Ode 15. (Sic melius.)

With evil Bird thou bear'st away,

Whom, Greece shall soon reclaim, and rise

Conjur'd to break thy lawless ties,

And with a military train,

O'erthrow King Priam's ancient reign.

If any Gentleman, or Gentle, will candidly, and without acrimony,
 point out my errors, &c. they shall be amended. And surely he must
 be a severe Master, who will use Flagellation, when good words
 will do.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODES OF HORACE.

ODE. I.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.

- 1 **H**ENCE! ye abhor'd, ye crowds profane,
Forbear—of more than mortal strain,
High Priest of Helicon I bring,
New numbers from the sacred Spring,
To Boys, and nymphs my Choral-train, 5
2 Dread sov'ran Kings o'er Mortals reign,
And awful Jove o'er Kings of Men,
Triumphant o'er the Titan-Brood,
By thunders of his arm subdu'd,
Who rules supreme saturnian God, 10
And shakes all Nature with his nod:
3 There are, who scenes sequester'd love,
And *ampler* spread the planted grove;
These, to the martial plain descend,
And urge the consulary claim, 15
Some, their high birth, or deeds commend,
And some fair Virtue's honest fame;

4 But

- 4 But high or low—ye sons of Rome,
 By dire Necessity, *altern*
 All must receive th' allotted doom,
 Shook from the same capacious Urn.
- 5 O'er whomsoever's impious head
 Impending, points unsheath'd the Blade,
 No dainties of Sicilia's feast,
 Excite a relish in the guest, 25
 Nor sounds of the Orphëan Lyre,
 Nor Philomel's melodious Choir,
 Can soothing, lull to placid rest ;
- 6 Sweet are the slumbers of the Swains,
 For they the humble cottage love, 30
 Nor shun th' umbrageous banks and plains,
 Nor Tempe's Zephyr-waving Grove :
- 7 Pleased with enough—who craves no more,
 Heeds not the seas tumultuous roar,
 Or rising Kid's tempestuous head, 35
 Or in his fall Arcturus dread ;
 Nor batter'd vines by pelting hail,
 Or Acres, that *belying* fail,
 Accusing now the Stars unkind,
 The scorching sun, or blasting wind : 40
- 8 The Fish excluded from their Bays,
 Perceive the *fast-contracting* seas ;
 Here oft the Undertaker's sent,
 With loads of marble and cement,
 To occupy the element, 45
 All other business at an end,
 A thousand slaves the work attend,
 Their Lord fastidiously elate,
 Amid his train in pompous state, 9 Commands

- 9 Commands the lofty Dome to rise,
 And gloomy Care as busy plies,
 And with him to the scaffold-height,
 Ascendeth, threatening conscious Fear;
 Nor in the armèd Galley's speed,
 Nor leaving, on his gallant steed,
 She sits, and gallops in the rear : 55
 10 If neither gold, nor treasures rare,
 Nor purple bright as Venus star,
 Nor Massic, nor Falernian Wines,
 Nor Lucid Stones of Lydian Mines, 60
 Nor Achæminian spice avail,
 The joint, or aching heart to heal,
 11 Why should I then, in modern style,
 The Portico's immoderate Pile
 Upraise, invidiously great, 65
 Why change my little Sabine Vale,
 For more encumb'ring Wealth and State ?

 O D E II.

Angustam, Amici, pauperiem pati.

- 1 **I**NURE the raw-boned Youth to bear,
 The hardy toils of sinewy war,
 And pinching poverty—and dare
 With spear tremendous, on his steed,
 Even now, to vex the Gallant Mede ; 5
 2 Encamp him in raw midnight cold,
 And rouse him sudden with alarms,

And

- By frequent dangers grow him bold,
 And train him to the Din of Arms ;
- 3 Whom, shall some Matron-Queen behold, 10
 Or Princess, from the Castle-wall,
 And to the warring Monarch call,
 And sighing, thus her fears unfold ;
- 4 O Spouse ! th' unequal fight forbear, 15
 To chase the Lion-whelp beware,
 Fierce-bred on the Hesperian Shore,
 Wild-raging thro' the ranks of war,
Besmeared with dust and hostile gore ;
- 5 O glorious ! for our Country dear, 20
 To bleed and fall—nor scape, who *fear*,
 Death too—the fugitive pursues
 And the averted base subdues,
 Nor spares *his pitiless* decree !
 Th' unpuissant Youth of warless knee,
 The timid, or intrepid crews ; 25
- 6 Virtue, in her own native light,
 Shines forth in her own honour bright,
 Superior to the sordid crowd,
 Repulse, disdaining—nobly proud,
 Nor takes, nor lays the fasces down, 30
 With popular applause, or frown ;
- 7 Virtue, unbars the Portals high,
 To Merit—*never doom'd to die*,
 And leads up to the starry Sky,
 Thro' paths, by vulgar herds untrod, 35
 And flaking off this mortal clay,
 She spurneth Earth, and wings away
 To heaven, and her paternal God ;

- 8 To th'heart in secret silence true,
 I give the meed of honour due ; 40
 Who Ceres' mysteries reveal,
 Sleep not beneath one roof with me,
 Nor shall they with me, hoist a sail
 In the frail Galley, bound to sea ;
- 9 Oft, the neglected Gods, *we know*, 45
 Together with the guilty clan,
 Involve the good uncautious man,
 But Pain and Vengeance, halting slow,
 Sure in pursuit shall never leave,
 The heels of the effugient Knave.
-

O D E III.

Iustum & tenacem propositi virum.

- 1 THE stedfast Man, affixt in trust,
 Inflexible, and stubborn just,
 Defies the ardours, and withstands,
 The noisy crowds deprav'd commands ;
- 2 Nor storms, nor seas that raging roll, 5
 Nor tyrants low'ring brows control,
 Nor awful Jove, whose thunders make
 All earth to tremble round, can shake
 The solid basis of his Soul ;
- 3 Should the whole Frame of Nature break, 10
 Convuls'd in crashing ruin hurl'd,
 He, struck amid the general Wreck,
 Undaunted falleth with the falling World ;
- 4 Thus arm'd, far-vague by Virtue led
 And crown'd, Alcides props the skies ; 15
 The Twins of the Ledéan Bed,
 Conjoin'd in starry honours rise ; 5 Mid

- 5 Mid whom recumbent Cæsar placed,
 With rosy cheek and lip shall taste,
 The Nectar, and th'Ambrosial feast; 20
 And Bacchus thus his Tygers broke,
 And lash'd th'indocile to the Yoke,
 And soaring reach'd the gates of light,
 And o'er the Acherontic flood,
 The steeds of thy Paternal God, 25
 Bore thee, Quirinus, heavenly bright; *
 6 To Juno no ungrateful Guest,
 Who thus the council'd Gods address'd,
 O Ilion! Ilion! whom thy own
 Incestuous fatal judging Son,† 30
 And th'Argive Harlot have o'erthrown;
 Condemn'd by me, and Pallas chaste,
 To ashes, and a Desert waste,
 7 Since when the false Laomedon,
 The Gods defrauded of their meed, 35
 A perjur'd Sire, and perjur'd Breed,
 Who justly brought our Vengeance down;
 8 By our dissensions long upheld,
 The Dardan war, and blood is quell'd,
 No more the high-fam'd Guest alarms, 40
 Nor the adultress Spartan charms,
 Nor the perfidious brood of Foes,
 Nor the Barbarian Swarms oppose,
 Nor Hector's homicidal hand,
 Can my brave-battling Greeks withstand; 45
 9 Our wrath allay'd—to Mars *benign*,
 Th'obnoxious Grandson, we *resign*,
 The Trojan Priestess Ilias' line, Immortal

* Alluding to the Roman Augur, who vowed that he saw the soul
 of Romulus ascending bright to heaven.

- † Immortal with the Gods to reign,
 With them enthron'd in placid rest, 50
 The luscious Nectar of the blest
 To quaff, a Deity WE DEIGN;
- 10 If—raging Seas immense may roar,
 And sunder'd Ilion evermore
 May tear from thee, Imperial Rome, 55
 And savage Herds insulting spurn,
 The bloody dust of Priam's Urn,
 And in the desolated Dome,
 The Wolves their Whelps, unvenge'd may hide,
 And foul in the Adult'rer's Pride, * 60
 May howl in his incestuous Tomb;
- 11 Thus, over any Land or Main,
 The exile Race may happy Reign,
 And to the Scythian World's Extreme,
 The terror of the Roman Name 65
 Extend—a formidable Band,
 And where th'interluent Waves divide
 The Afran, from Europa's side,
 And wandering Nilus with his tide
 Prolific, swelling, floods the Land;
- 12 Effulgent Capitolium stand!
 And at thy Car triumphal lead,
 And stern, to the ferocious MEDE,
 Send forth, O Rome, thy Dread Command;

† Immortal as the Gods to live,
 With them enthroned in placid rest,
 The luscious Nectar of the blest
 To quaff, a Deity WE give.

* Vain fierce, with Venus by thy side,
 Thou comb'st thy tresses flowing pride—

B. i. Ode 15,

The

- The Gold deep buried in the ground, 75
And better thus unsought unsound,
 O Greater Roman Mind ! to scorn,
 Than, for the basest uses torn,*
 And with all-sacrilegious hand,
 To snatch—the Idol of the land ; 80
- 13 Whatever Earth's remotest Bound
 O Sun, in thy perennial Round,
 Withstands——let them in arms controul,
 Where Cancer's Rays exhaust the plains,
 Or dank black Night for ever Reigns, 85
 'Neath th' Arctic, or Antarctic Pole ;
- 14 But thus, denounc'd the laws of Fate,
 By me, Romulean Sons of war,
 Receive——nor insolently great,
 Nor over pious shall you dare, 90
 Your Ilion's Structures to repair,
 Or to re-dwell your native seat ;
- 15 Thrice, tho' arise the brazen wall,
 Rebuilt by Augur Phœbus' hand,
 Thrice shall her brazen Towers fall,
 O'erwhelm'd by my victorious Band ; 95
- 16 Ourselves, Imperial Queen who reign,
 Will lead my Argives o'er the main,
 And hurl reiterated flames,
 And thrice the captive Phrygian Dames, 100
 Shall moan their Sons and Husbands slain.
- 17 But whither PERTLY——would'st aspire,
 O Muse, beyond thy Teian Lyre ?
 Forbear——nor with thy less'ning Strain, 105
 Great Mandates of the Gods demean.

* Quam cogere infames in usus.

ODE IV. TO CALLIOPE.

Descende cælo, & dic age tibia.

- O** GODDESS of the tuneful lay,
 Descend Heav'n-born Calliope,
 And with the Lute, if Lute's thy choice,
 Or the Phœbéan Lyre, or Voice, 5
 A * long and lofty strain essay;
 2 Hear ye ! or is it Madness all,
 The Soul's delusive pleasing dream ?
 Methinks, I hear the Muses' call,
 Amid enchanted groves I stray, 10
 Where ever-murmuring fountains stream,
 And fanning Zephyr-breezes play :
 3 O'er the Appulian Vultur's Mounds,
 Alone, I wander'd far away,

Beyond

Alterations in B. 4. Ode 4. Verse 75.

This Roman's like his Ilex oak,
 Dense with unfading Honours crown'd,
 Whose tops the tallest plant o'erlook,
 On ALGIDUS, thy lofty Mound,
 Whom, with edged steel the more we hew,
 With heart that's never to be broke,
 More strength and spirit, from the stroke
 He'll gain—and vig'rous life renew.

Alterations. B. i. Ode 15. Verse 7.

In thy Idean Gallies gay,
 With evil Bird thou bear'st away,
 No Augur vain if I am,
 Whom, Greece shall soon reclaim, and rise
 Conjur'd to break thy Nuptial ties,
 And shake th'old Realms of Priam.
 These lines though not perfectly regular and conformable to
 the rest, are yet concordant to the Sounds and Sense of Horace.
 * It had perhaps been objected to Horace, that he wrote very few
 Odes of any considerable length.

Beyond my Parent-country's bounds,
 'Till overcome with sleep, and play,
 I prefs'd at length the mossy grounds ; 15
 The fabled Birds of Venus came,
 And Myrtles, and the Bays they bore,
 And deckt their infant Bard all o'er,
 The presage of my future fame ;
 And far around the rumour spreads, 20
 To Acherontia's lofty Nest,
 And Swains who held the Bantine Shades,
 And rich, and low Ferentine Meads,
 And who the fertile Hills possess ;
 That I so placidly should rest, 25
 With the Phœbéan Laurel crown'd
 And Cytherèan Myrtle piled,
 Sure not without my Gods around,
A spirited intrepid child,
 Unharm'd by Viper, Bird or Beast, 30
 The wonder ! was by all confest ;
 With you henceforth, ye Nine, I climb,
 And rise o'er Sabine hills sublime,
 And yours, the Poet ever dwells,
 Or in Prænestès' frigid clime, 35
 Or Baiæ, blest with tepid Wells ;
 Harmonious Nine ! our soul's delight,
 Ye saved me in Philippi's fight
 And Rout—by day and night, you save,
 By sea and land, nor injur'd me, 40
 The falling execrable Tree,
 Nor Palinurus' wrecking wave ;
 With you the Bosphor-straits, I'd dare,
 Mid th'Aquilonian wintry war ;
 With you, a traveller pass o'er, 45
 The Lybian lands, or burning sands
 Of the Assyrian thirsty shore, And

And where the wild Geloni ride,
 With rattling Quiver at their side ;
 10 Nor fear the savage Briton-brood,*
 To guests unhospitably rude,
 Nor the Concanni, feasting o'er
 Their horses, quaffing bowls of gore,
 With you, unviolable go,
 O'er Rhodopeian Alps of snow,
 And Tanais, thy icy shore : 55

11 Ye lofty Cæsar entertain,
 Harass'd with many a sore Campaign ;
His weary troops, with pious care,
In safety, thro' the year severe
Disposed—requesting to retreat,
And lay th' Herculean load of state,
 Recruited in your sacred cells,
 With you, Pierian Nymphs, he dwells ;
 12 Ye mild, and mercifully kind, 65
 Give counsels suited to his mind,
 With joy the Muse her mandate gives,
 With joy, the blessing he receives,
For, whose avenging Bolts punish'd
 The Titans, to th' Abyss pursu'd,

* Nor fear the Britons—race averle
 To Guests—unhospitably fierce.

Page 20. B. i. Ode 12. V. 81.

Whirl thou thy rapid Car above,
 And shake th' Olympian Realms, O Jove,
 And with the inimical blow,
 Of thy tremendous Thunders hurl'd,
 Smite thou the sacrilegious Grove, &c.

- 13 *We know—whom, Heaven, Earth, Seas obey,
 And Stygian realms devoid of Day,
 The mortal, and immortal race,
 And o'er th' immensity of space,
 The One for ever just and good,
 Who rules all Nature with his nod ;*
- 14 *They on their hundred hands relying,
 With Mountains piled on Mountains, strove,
 And the Olympian powers defying,
 Alarm'd, on high Saturnian Jove ;*
- 15 *But what could all the force of Nature,
 Porphyry, of unwieldy Stature,
 Or, what Euceladus could wield,
 The boldest champion of the field,
 'Gainst Pallas, thy Gorgonian shield ?*
- 16 *And awful Juno, and the Sire,
 Devouring Deity of Fire,
 And ever graced with shoul'd'r'd Bow,
 Who where the streams of Zanthus flow,*
- 17 *Or in Castalia's dewy waves,
 His flowing golden tresses laves ;
 Who loves his natal Delian wood,
 Apollo Paterèan God ?*
- 18 *In want of conduct, fails of course
 A vast unwieldy Body's force ;
 But wise attempt'd works succeed,
 The Gods on high shall bless the Deed ;
 Detesting brutal strength combin'd,
 With Fiend-like sacrilegious mind ;*

19 Briareus with his rebel Bands, 105
 Of this, a dread example stands ;
 And who the purity of Dian
 Attempted, the *profane* Orion,
 Pierc'd, by her Virgin Arrows slain ;
 And Tityus, from whose lustful heart, 110
 The Keeper-Bird shall ne'er depart,
 Unrespited the gnawing pain ;
 And in his Adamantine Chain
 PIRITHOUS, the lover bold,
 Three hundred knotted-links enfold ; 115
 O'erwhelming, and o'erwhelm'd Earth
 20 With hideous weight—her monster-birth
 Bemoans—by the tremendous blow
 Of Jove, to lurid Orcus doom'd,
 And ÆTNA, thy eternal glow 120
 Of raging Sulphurs—*unconsum'd*.

 ODE V.

Cælo tonantem, credidimus Jovem.

1 **W**HEN Jove was Thundering from above,
 We all believ'd in Awful Jove,
 Romans, Augustus shall be held
 A present Deity below,
 Who to our Empire adds, requell'd 5
 The Briton, and fierce Parthian Foe ;

2 Could

- 2 Could Crassus' troops renown'd in strife,
Endure the turpitude of life,
In th' arms of a Barbarian wife?
In foreign service old and grey,
And subjugated to obey,
A haughty Persian King's command?
- 3 The Marſſyan, the *Appulian Band*,
Forgot the honors of their name,
And Vesta's never dying Flame,
The Shields delapsing from above?
O shame! O Manners of the Land
Revers'd, O Virtue lost—yet stand
- 4 Do Rome! and Capitolian Jove!
Wife Regulus had caution'd this,
Dissenting from the terms of Peace,
Opprobrious, of the Punic Foe,
Foreseeing, by th' acceptance base,
That mischief in some future race,
From the foul Precedent would grow;
- 5 I saw, *He said*, our Standards high,
On Arches, and o'er Temples fly,
Display'd in proud triumphal Show,
Th' unguarded Gates secure repast,
And Lands, by your Command, laid waste,
- 6 Again submitted to the Plow;
These eyes beheld the FREE-BORN tied,
His *Hands* close pinion'd to his side;
And suing, *mingling Peace and Strife*,
A Roman! trembling for his life;

O

And

* Pacem Duello miscuit, O pudor!

- And (without Bloodshed) to the Foe,
 Surrender'd ARMS, without a Blow :
 7 Will Ransom, fiercer to defy
 The Foes—cold dastard souls inflame ?
 'Tis adding Loss to INFAMY, 40
 And purchasing flagitious Shame ;
 8 The Fleece, dipt in the Pois'nous Stain,
 Shall ne'er its native hue regain,
 And Valour, if it leave the Heart,
 Shall ne'er re-dwell th' ignoble part ; 45
 9 If extricated from the snare,
 The Stag returns more fierce to dare
 The Combat, with the Hunter-train ;
 Then, with new spirit fired shall He,
 Who to a perfid Enemy 50
 Resigning—took a willing Chain,
 And Fear'd to DIE !—*the next Campaign,*
Encount'ring face the Punic Foe,
*And with wide spreading Slaughter strow**
 The vanquish'd, on the bloody plain ;
 10 O Shame ! O Carthage rising great, 55
 O'er Rome's opprobrious fallen State !
 And unredeem'd—ye Fathers, all
 By doom unmerciful, must fall.
 11 He to his Babes, and Bosom-Bride,
 'Tis said, refus'd the kind Embrace, 60
 A Roman now no more, He cry'd,
 And torvous, held affixt aside
 Averse—his steady manly Face, 12 'Till

* Et Marte pœnos proteret altero.

Mow'd, trod, trampled under foot.

(Ironically said.)

*12 'Till, by unheard of Fortitude,
Above example'd History !

62

His voice the wav'ring Sires subdu'd,
And urged to fix the stern Decree :

13 Nor knew He not—what barbarous Hard !

Had th' † Executioner prepared ;

Ne'erless, thro' the dense crowded way,

70

The weeping Multitudes delay,

And thro' his Friends, a moaning Clan,

Press'd on the great self-banish'd Man,

14 Serene, as if, all business done,

By final Sentence of the Laws

75

Adjudg'd—the hard contested cause

At length, of Clients he had won,

And hasten'd to his calm retreat,

Tarentine, or Venafran Seat.

* Till He had procured the DECREE. This softens the rigid out-lines
of his Character.

† This part of the History is called in question.

O D E VI.

Delicta majorum, immeritus, lues.

1 ROMANS, our Sires Transgressions call
The Gods just Vengeance down on All,

And guiltless, we the Doom must bear,

Unless attoning, we repair

The Temples, with religious care,

5

The Sanctuary nods, and Dust

And Smokes, our Shrines, and Gods incrust,

2 That

- 2 That bending, we their Name revere,
 The Empire of the Earth, we bear,
 Our Righteous Piety they bless;
 To Heaven, from *first to last*, refer
 Whatever boasted proud Success,
 And many lamentable Woes,
 To Rites neglected—Latium owes;
 3 Twice, hath Monæses late repell'd,
 And th' utmost Roman Efforts quell'd,
 In the unatuspicated Day,
 And Pácorús, thy haughty trains,
 Smile in the decorating Prey,*
 They've added to their gaudy chains.
 4 While we Seditions fierce uphold,
 The Æthiop, and the Dacian bold,
 One, naval formidable Foe,
 And this, tremendous with his Bow,
 Advanc'd to seize our Capital,
 And threat'ned, Rome—thy ruinous fall.
 5 O Age! inventive of new crimes,
 Unknown in old Romulean times,
 Ye first, the nuptial Bed profan'd,
 With base Adukeries distain'd,
 Alloy'd with this degenerate blood,
 Our Roman Mettle melts away,
 Our Race, and Families decay,
 And foul Corruption like a flood,
 From this contaminated Head,
 O'er Rome, and thro' the Nations spread:

*Rendet. A grinning sneering Smile.

- 6 In early Teens, the Virgin taught
 The Dance, with wicked lessons fraught,
 Her limbs in wanton graces moves,
 Ply'd to the soft Ionian mood;
 Maturer, She the Arts improves,
 And nought but pleasurable loves,
 From tender infancy pursu'd,
 Infect the whole incestuous brood:
- 7 She with some young Adulterer flies,
 Nor is she delicately nice
 In Loves—bestowing without choice,
 The wanton interdicted joys;
 And scorns the common lewd design,
 Th' advantage of her Husband's Wine,
 Nor heeds the decency of night,
 Before him, conscious of her flight,
 She's bid to rise—the Captain waits,
 Or some rich Factor from the Streights,
 Old Dealer in this luscious Game,
 Rank purchaser of precious Shame:
- 8 'Twas not a Race of such as these,
 That dy'd with punie Blood the Seas,
 And full of his Paternal fire,
 The Achillèan Pyrrhus strow'd,
 And smote Antiochus the proud,
 And vanquish'd Hannibal the dire;
- 9 But Soldiers masculine of mould,
 Inur'd to hardy labours, bold,
 With plow they turn'd the stubborn ground,
 Made Forests with their Axe resound;
 Obedient to severe Command,
 Of sabine sun-burnt Matron's hand;

- 2 That bending, we their Name revere,
 The Empire of the Earth, we bear,
 Our Righteous Piety they bless : 10
 To Heaven, from *first to last*, refer
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*Revidet. A grinning sneering Smile.

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 And smote Antiochus the proud,
 And vanquish'd Hannibal the dire;
- 9 But Soldiers masculine of mould,
 Inur'd to hardy labours, bold,
 With plow they turn'd the stubborn ground,
 Made Forests with their Axe rebound;
 Obedient to severe Command,
 Of sabine sun-burnt Matron's hand;

And late, when the declining Sun,
 To shift the Mountains Shades begun,
 Releas'd the Steer with toils oppress'd,
 And took with shoulder'd load their way,
 And gave the friendly hour to rest,
 Fresh rising with the rising day :
 10 Time ruinous—all things impairs,
 Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
 And we than ours—next Age shall see
 A Race, more profligate to be,
 And worse again, their rising Heirs.

O D E. VII. TO ASTERIE.

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi, candidi,

1 **A**STERIE, cease to bewail,
 Whom, to thee due in early spring,
 The first returning Zephyr's gale,
 Shall to thy loving bosom bring,
 Thy Gyges ever-constant, blest
 With richest treasures of the East ;
 2 He by the madding Kid-star cross'd,
 Lies harbour'd on the Oric Coast,
 And sleepless, shedding many a tear,
 Thro' long cold Nights of the hard Year,
 Lamenteth thee, his absent Dear ;
 3 And now, his Hostess Chloë sends,
 Her Messenger for wicked ends,
 To whisper *secret*, how she sighs,
 (How dying in Asterie's Flame.)

And

- And to allure him to the Dame,
A thousand Knavish Arts he tries ;
- 4 Warns—what Bellerophon, besel,
The Charms of a delicious Belle, 20
Who † scorn'd, unmercifully chaste,
When, *Præteus credulously* sent,
His Myrmidons with base intent,
To intercept him, as he past ;
- 5 How narrow from the jaws of Hell, 25
Escap'd young Peleus (bid to tell)
By continency cold, he proves,
With many a stale, fallacious* Tale,
In vain, instructing sinful loves ;
For, deaf as Scythian Rocks, remains
Thy Gyges to the Siren's Strains :
- 6 Be thou as cautious on thy part,
Nor let Enipeus touch thy Heart,
And soothing, please thee *much too well*,
Altho', to rule the fiery Steed, 35
And yellow Tyber's rapid speed
To stem—the gallant Youth excel ;
- 7 Shut thou at Eve thy door well-barr'd,
Nor look into the Street or Yard,
To hear his plaintive Music shrill ;
Tho' oft he calls thee **CRUEL ! HARD !** 40
Remain thou hard and cruel still.

O D E

† Who scorn'd—a Youth abstemiously chaste.

* These double Rhimes are used more for conciseness-sake, than thro' necessity and deficiency of Rhime, e. g.

With many a Legendary tale

Fallacious mingled—COMMON, STALE,

O D E VIII.

Addressed to Mæcenas, on the Calends, or first of March,
the festival of the commemoration of the Rape of the
Sabines, and the peace made by the interposition of
the ravished Ladies, rushing between the Armies ready
to engage.

Martiis Cælebs quid agam, Calendis.

- 1 **W**HAT I, a Batchelor pursue,
On these Calends—*strange to you!*
A Festival to Matrons due;
Why Embers on the living fod,
And incense fuming to the God?
2 But, know—vers'd in each learned Tongue,
Mæcenas, that this Day hath long
Been sacred held to joy, by me,
When I so narrow scaped the Stroke,
Of th' execrable falling Tree,
* By Faunus' hand sustaining, broke;
Hence vow'd, on this returning day,
I th' annual Kid to Bacchus pay:
3 And many a well-pitch'd Cork shall fly,
And many a Flaggon now in rest,
With Consul Fullus' name impress,
Call'd forth, in the Campaign shall die;
4 To me, thus fortunately safe,
Full glasses, gratulating quaff;

—Nisi Faunus idem

Dextra levasset

- Far hence—all wrangling-ire, and noise,
 And to resurgent Phœbus' rays, 20
 Prolong the vigil Taper's blaze,
 Festivity, and choral Joys ;
 Resign the City, and all Cares,
 Of civic broils, or foreign wars ;
 5 Dire Cotison is quell'd, or fled, 25
 No more, th' infesting Medes we dread,
 Who now dissentient, on the Plain
 Fall in lugubrious Strife self-slain ;
 6 The haughty Iber-Sons obey,
 The vague Geloni feel our sway ; 30
 Impatient of the Roman Yoke,
 At length the Cantabri are broke ;
 With bow relax'd the Daci yield,
 Determin'd to resign the Field ;
 7 Immers'd in Fears and public Strife, 35
 And, *o'er solicitous*, forbear
 To forfeit pleasurable life,
 Seize thou the Moments as they fly,
 And, *private*, the presented joy
 Embrace, and leave thy toils severe. 40

* Cyathos amici
 Sospitis, cantum, et vigiles lucernas.

ODE IX. TO LYDIA. A DIALOGUE.

Donec, gratus eram, tibi.

H O R A C E.

WHILE I was dear, and thou wast kind,
 Nor one more pleasing, Lydia, twin'd
 His Arms, around thy snowy Breast,
 No Persian King, like me, was blest ;

P

LYDIA

LYDIA.

Till thou hadst for another burn'd,
And me, for fairer Chloé, spurn'd;
Nor Ilia, higher in renown,
Nor brighter on her Paphian Throne,
The Goddess, than thy Lydia shone:

H O R A C E.

Now—skill'd in every tuneful Art,
The beauteous Chloé rules my Heart,
• For whom, I should not dread to bear
Even Death—if the surviving Fair
My better part—the Fates will spare,

LYDIA.

And me, young Calais inspires
With Loves—commutual glowing Fires,
In sweetest unison of joy,
|| And Death, I twice and twice would bear,
If Heaven the dear surviving Boy,
My Soul's far better half—will spare:

H O R A C E.

But, what if Venus should re-bind
The pair, late from her Yoke disjoin'd,
If I the bright-ey'd Chloé spurn,
And for the Fair *forsook*, re-burn,
‡ And Lydia should again be Kind?

25
LYDIA.

* Nor would I death itself decline.
Could I redeem her life with mine.

|| Twice, would I life for Him resign,
Could His be ransom'd thus by Mine.

Or—*And twice and twice, I'd life resign, &c.*

‡ And Lydia should to me return.

LYDIA.

Tho' brighter He, than Venus' Star,
Thou light, and vague as Down in Air,
And wrathful as the Adrian Sea;
With thee alone I'll ever pair,
† And willing live, and die with thee.

† The advantage is given to Lydia, in every reply.

ODE X. to LYCE.

*Extremum Tanaim si bideras, Lycæ,
Sævo nupta viro, me, tamen asperas,
Porrectum ante fores, obicere incolis
Plorares Aquilonibus.*

- 1 LYCE, drank'st thou, remotest Don,
The Spouse of some barbarian Son,
A Scythian, of unhuman Race,
Thoud'st weep, to leave a wretch thus laid,
The freezing Earth his rigid Bed,
Exposing, and at midnight throwing,
To the tempestuous ever-blowing
Fierce NATIVES of the horrid Place;
2 Hark! how the Aquilonians roar,
And beating, shake thy creaking Door,
And bellowing tear thy lofty Grove;
See, whitening all the ground below,
† The breathing Numen pure of Jove,
Conglaciates the falling Snow:
3 Allay thy proud disdainful Spleen
Ungrateful to Loves' smiling Queen,

* Unless this word be preserved, the chief beauty of the passage is lost.
The breath of pure ethereal Jove.

And, SCORN, *that scorn begetteth*—shun,¹
 Left by the Cord, and Pully's run
 † Revers'd—thou'rt hurl'd amain, undone :
 Thy Tuscan Father bred not thee, 20
 A pattern of Fidelity,
 To Suitors, harsh Penelopè ;
 4 Tho' neither pray'rs nor gifts prevail,
 Nor Vi'let tinge of Lovers pale,
 Nor lur'd by a false Siren's Charms, 25
 Thy husband in another's arms
 Abandon'd laid—O thou, that art.
 5 Than rigid Oaks, of softer heart,
 As Mauritanian vipers—*kind*
 And ever merciful inclin'd, 30
 At length thy prostrate Lover spare ;
 Nor hope, these patient sides, *in vain*,
 O Lycè, thus will always bear,
 Th' hard threshold, and sky-beating rain.

¹ Ne versa retro, funis eat rota.

A proverbial phrase, for total wreck and ruin.

O D E XI.

Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro.

1 O MASTER of the Lyre, and Song,
 For, Merc'ry, by thy Lessons taught,
 *The docile Boy drew Rocks along,
 And chanting—Theban Wonders wrought ;
 2 And thou well skill'd, O vocal Shell, 5
 With Seven melodious Strings to swell,

* Amphion.

- Once mute, but now a **welcome Guest**,
 Sonorous, at the princely **Feast**,
 In Temples of the Gods **careless**;
 3 Produce me Sounds, and **sweetly cheer**
 Even Lydia, of disdainful **ear**,
 Who like a Filly rising **three**,
 Goes bounding o'er the **Fallows**,
 Too skittish, loath the **Bit to prove**,
 And crude as yet to mellow **Love**;
 4 For, thou the savage **Tyger-brood**
 Canst tame, and rapid currents **bind**,
 And with sweet Sounds, the **lissing Wood**
 Canst lure, and quell the raging **wind**;
 5 To thee, the keeper-Dog of **Hell**,
 In suppliant adulation **fell**,
 Tho' hiss'd around his **Fury-head**,
 A hundred Hydra-Serpents **spread**,
 And from his Jaws and triple **Tongue**,
 The pestilential Venom **hung**;
 6 Even, Tantalus his thirst **beguiles**,
 And Tityus grinn'd unwilling **smiles**,
 Charm'd by thy potent **melody**,
 The perfid crew their toils **laid by**,
 The leaky Urn awhile **stood dry**;
 7 Strike my Lyre, their well-known **Fate**,
 And let the scornful Lydia **know**,
 What penalties in realms **below**,
 Shall on young Maids **hard-hearted wait**;
 Hark! how the Tub they **busy fill**,
 False at bottom, empty **still**;

8 Let her hear their wretched cries,
Impious Virgins ! how they rise !
 What more sacrilegious could
 Their hands ! embu'd in husbands blood !
 Who, each a Virgin, each a Wife,
 Into their Hearts implung'd the Knife ;
 Yet one of the conjur'd Crew,
 To whom, fair Hymen's Torch is due,
 Well worthy of its sacred flame,
 Was faithful found—abhor'd the Oath,
 And nobly false, bely'd her troth,
 And lives in ever honor'd Fame ;
 10 Awake—she, to the Bridegroom cries,
 Lest sleep eternal close thy eyes,
 Arise, and shun th' impending Blow,
 From where thou least expect'st a Foe ;
 Flee from a sacrilegious Sire,
 And from a crew of Sisters dire,
 Like lionesses, o'er their prey,
 Who tearing, each, a husband slay ;
 But I will neither strike, nor hold
 Thee, penn'd in this blood-thirsty Fold ;
 11 Me, let a Father rack in Chains,
 And banish to the Scythian Plains,
 Or where, the burning Cancer reigns ;
 That milder, I refus'd the Sword,
 And pitying spar'd my loving Lord ;
 12 Go by the favour of the night,
 May happy Omens speed thy flight,
 Farewell—and mindful of me, leave
 The plaint ensculptur'd on our Grave.

(III)
ODE XII. TO NEOBULE,

Unfortunately smit with the love of HEBRUS.

Miserarum est, neque amari dare ludum.

- 1 **O** Wretched lot! ye Fair and Young,
Who dread a Guardian's lashing Tongue,
Who dare not give your passion play,
Nor wash with wine your Care away,
Such thy hard Fate Neobulé;
2 The winged Boy, who took his stand,
So bidden by his parent Queen,
Hath struck the Shuttle from thy hand,
And smitten with an Arrow Keen,
Thy studious Bent to Arts hath spoil'd,
And of Minerva's Skill beguill'd;
3 Far other cares, than of thy wheel
And web—by Hebrus taught to feel,
When he th' incrusted oile Ablaves,
In lustre rising from the waves;
4 Unconquer'd on the dusty space
In fights, or in the rapid race;
Skill'd as Bellerophon to wind
And turn the steed, and pierce the hind
In swiftest flight—without a fear,
The tusky savage from his Lair
Alert to rouse, and with his Spear
In hand, receive the rushing war.

ODE

* See this finely executed, in a picture (in the Earl of Derby's collection)
drawn by the united pencil of Snelder, and Rubens.

O fons Bandusia, splendidior vitro.

- 1 **H**AIL Fount ! whose waters far surpass,
 The brightness of the purest glass,
 Hail Bandusia ! Spring divine,
 To thee, the goblet crown'd with wine,
 Thy Bard, a *pure* libation pours ;
 And not without the festal flowers,
 A kid, with horns new-budding led,
 Who learns to point with wicked head ;
 Whom, youthful Spring to warm desires
 Of love, and bloody battle fires,
 In vain—to-morrow with his blood
 Effus'd, this hot *lascivious* brood,
 Shall stain thy cold transparent flood :
- 2 To thee, the Dog of sultry ray,
 When in his rage he fires the day,
 Comes never near—thy shady seat
 The wand'ring noon-tide flocks' retreat ;
 Refreshing to the thirsty Steer,
 Fatigued with labours of the year ;
- 3 And hallow'd in this song of mine,
 I down to future times consign,
 Among the founts of noblest fame,
 Henceforth renown'd Bandusia's name ;
 And pendent woods, and rocky Caves,
 Whence, salient burst thy babbling waves.

O D E XIV.

On the return of Augustus, from his second Cantabric Expedition.

Herculis ritu modo dictus, O Plebs.

- 1 **C**ÆSAR, my friends, reported late,
Like fam'd Alcides, to have won,
Purchas'd by Death, the Laurel-crown,
Is now returning to the STATE,
And to his Guardian Gods—again
A Victor, from remotest SPAIN;
2 Rejoicing *solely*, in thy Spouse,*
Due to the Gods, thy promis'd Vows
Accomplish, and their praise resound;
Octavia, lead thou to the Fane,
The Virgin, and the Matron-train,
With suppliant snowy Fillets bound;
Ye Mothers, from the fierce campaign,
Who clasp your Sons with Conquest crown'd,
Conjoin in the thanksgiving strain;
3 Ye youthful Tribes, wed, or unwed,
And ye, who moan a Husband slain,
This Day *at least* your tears restrain,
And sacrilegious words refrain;
And be sole festive joys display'd:
4 This Day, determin'd to be blest,
I'll chace all Anguish from my Breast,
I dread no Death from violent Hands,
Nor civic Jars, nor foreign Bands,
While Guardian Cæsar rules the Lands;

Q

6 Go

* Livia, Empress,
their husbands' commands with impatience, the
much who was more than their husbands. Propertius elegy.

- 5 Go Boy, ordain the splendid Feast,
 Bring sweetest Essence for each Guest,
 And call forth the old Græcian Jar,
 Big with the story'd Marfyan War,
 If yet, a single ONE remain,
 That fortunately could escape,
 O Spartacus, thy plundering Rape,
 Vague o'er th' Hesperian wide Champain;
 6 Invite Neæra, warbling Fair,
 And bid, dispatch her essenced hair,
 Or, with it gather'd in a Node,
 Come, in the simple Spartan Mode;
 But, if her Porter rude delay,
 Without reply, haste thou away;
 7 These snowy Locks do chill my Blood
 And Heart—when warmer ran the flood,
 Fond of a turbulentous fray,
 Yet, tell him, if He's crusty,
 I'd not have borne, in Plancus' Day,
 Th' affront—when Young and Lusty.

* Fond of these turbulentous frays,
 His insolence, I would not bear,
 When Consul Tullus held the Chair,
 And I—my youthful LUSKY DAYS.

ODE XV, to CHLORIS.

Uxor pauperis Ibyci.

1 THOU, wife of Ibycus the poor,
 Disguising Guilt in his base name,

At

* When the prostitutes of Rome grew old, that they might continue
 their infamous commerce with impunity, they married some poor
 wretch who was more their slave than husband. *Pauperes eligunt,*
 ut

At length, thy famous † toils give o'er,
And life of dissoluteſt Shame ;

Mature, and dropping to thy Tomb, 5
Forbear to ſport with Nymphs in bloom,
Nor with thy Ages' darkning Cloud,
The Conſtellations bright enſhrowd ;
Nor with thy dying taper vie,
With Pholoe's refulgent Eye ; 10

2 What well becomes the gay FIFTEEN,
At FIFTY—with abhorrence Seen !

'Tis now thy Buxom Daughter's place,
To ſtorm our doors, with better grace,
Who newly ſtung by Nothus' loves, 15
Wild, as the goat laſcivious, roves ;
Or, like the Evie, madding bounds,
When Cymbals wake the Orgie-Sounds ;

3 Thy Wools from the Lucerian land,
Comb thou, thy Web and Wheel command, 20

Not the ſoft Lyre, with trembling hand ;
Nor Frolicks are becoming thee,
Nor Casks exhausted to the Lee,
Nor Gems, nor vernal Roſes ſpread,
Suit with a wintry-wither'd Head. 25

ut nomen tantum virorum habere videantur, qui patienter rivales
ſuſtineant, ſi muſſitaverint, illico projiciendi. S. JEROME. Such were
Chloris and Ibycus. TORR. DAC.

† Famoliſque laboribus. In which, ſhe was indefatigable in her
way. — Alluding to the labours of Hercules,

ODE

O D E XVI.

Inclusam Danaen, turris ænea.

- 1 **I** NCLOSING Tow'rs, and Walls of Brass,
 Gates of impenetrable Pass,
 And Sentry-Dogs, a surly Race,
 'Twas *hoped*, had well secur'd the Place,
 And Danaë, the precious Maid, 5
 From midnight || Ravishers *safe laid* ;
- 2 ' But Jove, and Venus *secret* smil'd,
 ' How old Acrisius would be *guiled*,
 ' The trembling keeper of his Child ;
 ' When He, thro' all a way should find,
 ' *Sure-leading* to the Nymph *confined* ; 10
 ' For well they knew no Fort could hold,
 ' Against a God turn'd into Gold :
- 3 Gold loves to break thro' Castles barr'd,
 Or walks directly thro' the Guard ;
 Than Lightning stronger in its course, 15
 All bursting with resistless force ;
- 4 Th' unconquerable Bribes prevail,
 O'er th' heart of Eryphylé frail,
 And th' * Argive Augur's Race was struck,
 The Dome with Desolation shook, 20

|| N. B. Horace uses ADULTEROUS, and INCASTUOUS, for wicked, and forbidden.

* The Argive Augur. Amphiarus knowing by oracles, that he should never return, refus'd to go to the Siege of Thebes, where he, and his son perish'd ; his wife Eryphyle, discovered him, in his concealment ; the surviving son Adrastus, slew his mother for her treachery, and Eryphyle's brother kill'd Him. Thus by the bribe of a Pearl necklace, set in gold, the whole family was ruined. Hor. could not have chose an example more *APPROPOS* to his subject,

And Wife, and Son, and Parent fell,
 All Victims to the shades of Hell ;
 5 By these, the † Man of Macedon,
 His way thro' brazen Cities won,
 And by *his* sapping Arts *pursu'd*, 25
 The jealous Kings around subdu'd,
 The dangerous Rivals of his Throne ;
 Nor the Sea-Captain's hard-steel'd heart,
 Against this poisonous searching Dart,
 Of solid proof, *is always known* :
 6 With growing Wealth, comes growing Care, 30
 And lust of more, *with much to spare* ;
 But I have ever had in dread,
 (Mæcenus, Knighthood's *splendid* grace)
 Abroad, my vain conspicuous Head,
 To shew to an invidious Race ; 35
 7 The *more*, we to ourselves deny,
 The more the bounteous Gods supply ;
 To no desires a greedy slave,
 With not *unwilling* heart, I leave
 The Standards of the Rich and High,
 And to the Banners of the Poor, 40
 Contented Troops, who crave no more,
 A naked, bare, Defenter fly ;
 8 More splendid Lord, in th' humble seat,
 Tho' *sneer'd* at, by the Proud and Great,
 Than

† The Man of Macedon. Philip, was the most consummate
 Politician of his age, and by bribing some, and siding with others, he so
 weakened all parties, that he easily overcame them, one after the other.

O D E XVI.

Inclusam Danaen, turris aënea.

- 1 **I** NCLOSING Tow'rs, and Walls of Brass,
 Gates of impenetrable Pass,
 And Sentry-Dogs, a surly Race,
 'Twas *hoped*, had well secur'd the Place,
 And Danaë, the precious Maid, 5
 From midnight || Ravishers *safe laid* ;
- 2 ' But Jove, and Venus *secret* smil'd,
 ' How old Acrisius would be *guiled*,
 ' The trembling keeper of his Child ;
 ' When He, thro' all a way should find,
 ' *Sure*-leading to the Nymph *confined* ; 10
 ' For well they knew no Fort could hold,
 ' Against a God turn'd into Gold :'
- 3 Gold loves to break thro' Castles barr'd,
 Or walks directly thro' the Guard ;
 Than Lightning stronger in its course, 15
 All bursting with resistless force ;
- 4 Th' unconquerable Bribes prevail,
 O'er th' heart of Eryphylé frail,
 And th' * Argive Augur's Race was struck,
 The Dome with Desolation shook, 20

|| N. B. Horace ules ADULTEROUS, and INCESTUOUS, for wicked, and forbidden.

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 All Victims to the shades of Hell ;
- 5 By these, the † Man of Macedon,
 His way thro' brazen Cities won,
 And by *his* sapping Arts *pursu'd*, 25
 The jealous Kings around subdu'd,
 The dangerous Rivals of his Throne ;
 Nor the Sea-Captain's hard-steel'd heart,
 Against this poisonous searching Dart,
 Of solid proof, *is always known* :
- 6 With growing Wealth, comes growing Care, 30
 And lust of more, *with much to spare* ;
 But I have ever had in dread,
 (Mæcenus, Knighthood's *splendid* grace)
 Abroad, my vain conspicuous Head,
 To shew to an invidious Race ; 35
- 7 The *more*, we to ourselves deny,
 The more the bounteous Gods supply ;
 To no desires a greedy slave,
 With not *unwilling* heart, I leave
 The Standards of the Rich and High,
 And to the Banners of the Poor, 40
 Contented Troops, who crave no more,
 A naked, bare, Deserter fly ;
- 8 More splendid Lord, in th' humble seat,
 Tho' *sneer'd* at, by the Proud and Great,
 Than

† The Man of Macedon. Philip, was the most consummate Politician of his age, and by bribing some, and siding with others, he so weakened all parties, that he easily overcame them, one after the other.

Than, if I hoarded all the Grain, 45
 Of the immense * Appulian Plain,
 Possessor of th' huge *hidden Store*,
 Amidst abundant Plenty Poor ; †
 9 A Spring pure flowing thro' his ground,
 A slender Vale with Woods around, 50
 And a few *trusty* Acres crown'd ;
 Above Proconsulars of Spain,
 And Lords of Afric's wide Domain,
 ‡ *Beguiling* Monarchs of the East,
 He's of the happier Lot possest ; 55
 10 Tho' no Calabrian toiling Bee,
 Collect th' ambrosial dews for me, Nor

* Well cultur'd by the sturdy Swain.

[RETRENCED.]

The Appulians were Horace's countrymen, these and the Marfyans were reputed the best Soldiers in the Roman Army ; to whom he always pays his Compliments, as if the GLORY, and BEING of the Empire chiefly depended on them.

Marfi Pedites. — Marfa Cohortes.

The Marfyans, the Appulian Band,
 Forgot, the honors of their name,
 And Vesta's never dying Flame,
 And, Type of everlasting claim,
 The Shields *delapsing from above ?
 O shame ! O Manners of the Land
 Revers'd, O Virtue lost—yet stand
 Do Rome ! and Capitolian Jove.

See this Climax *Finely raised*, and *sustained* by Frances.

Without some light of this kind, these lines appear to an Englishman, futile and insignificant.

† Like many of our Nobles.

[SAYS SANAD.]

* Delapsa Ancilia Cælo.

VIRG. B. 8.

- Nor richest Wines my Banquet grace,
 Languescent in th' huge golden Vase ;
 Nor Flocks, with richer fleeces fed, 60
 Are sent me, from the Gallic Mead ;
 11 Yet far above Contempt, I'm shewn,
 And indigency importune ; ||
 Nor would my Friend—*Kind to the Muse*,
 If I could ask it, more refuse ; 65
 12 Better for me, to subjugate,
 My appetencies to my Rents,
 § Extending *thus*, a small estate,
 By regulated wise restraints ;
 Than, if I held in my Command, 70
 The Treasures of all Lydia's Land ;
 Who covet Much, for ever will,
 Insatiate find Much wanting still,
 * 'Tis well—with *sparing hand*, t' whom Heaven,
 The easy *just Enough* hath given. 75

ODE

† Fallit Sorte beator.

BEGUILING, i. e. flinging, as Esop did his comrades, when he chose to carry the heavy Bread-basket, which was emptied in a few hours.

|| Troublefome as a beggar.

§ Extending. i. e. to make the most of my little estate.

* 'Tis well—Or thus laid more open :

Who covet much, forever will,

Insatiate, find much wanting still,

And greedy, more and more, demand ;

'Tis well—to whom benignant Heaven,

A competence, with sparing hand,

And th' easy just enough hath given.

ODE XVII TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Æli, vetusto, nobilis ab Lamo.

- 1 **O** Ælius, of the noble Race
Of Lamia, from Lamos old,
Denominated from the place,
As in recording pages told,
2 Whose Grandfires held imperial pow'rs, 5
Along the placid Liris' side,
And rais'd the antient Formian Tow'rs,
Where in a † slow Meand'ring Tide,
Marica's easy waters glide ;
3 If, my old croaking Augur's true, 10
To-morrow some foul weather's due,
A storm shall from the Eastward pour,
Of hard'ned rain a pelting show'r,
And thro' thy woods, and vallies roar,
And strow with useleſs Tang* the Shore ; 15
4 While yet thou may'st, without delay,
At hand dry Fuel heap, and flay
Of two months old a sucking Swine,
Indulge thy Genius with old wine,
And mindful, o'er the luscious Feast, 20
Give to thy Slaves, ONE day of rest !

O D E

* Weeds.

This Ode might be translated SHORTER thus, if conciseness
were ALL in ALL.

Haste—the dry fuel heap, and flay
Of two months old a sucking swine,
Indulge thy Genius with old wine,
And give thy slaves One Holy-day.

Ælius must have been a very severe Planter.

S A N

ODE XVIII, TO FAUNUS.

Annually sung on the 3th of December, when he was supposed to retire from Italy, to pass the winter at Arcadia.

Faune, nympharum fugientum, amator.

- 1 **O** Lover of the fleeing Fair,
Light, Faunus, o'er my bound'ries tread,
 My flocks and herds, benignant spare,
 And gentle to my kids recede ;
- 2 If with the annual Rites divine,
 I duly deck thy antient shrine,
 Nor want'st thou the sweet-fuming gales,
 Nor, comrade of the God of Wine,
 Fair Venus' foaming Goblet fails ;
- 3 If on thy celebrated day,
 My swains attune their choral lay ;
 And loose, my careless oxen graze,
 And ruminant in rural ease ;
 And with my *daring* lambkins play
 The wolves, forgetful of their prey,
 If 'neath thy feet, of various hue
 The woods, their falling honors strew ;
 And cheerful bounding o'er the plain,
 With vengeful foot the delving swain,
 Thrice, beats the sod, he turn'd with pain.
- † *Light* o'er my bounds, and sunny mounds,
 O Faunus in thy transit tread,
 My fleecy care, benignant spare,
 And gentle to my kids recede.

R

ODE

† This is the true English Saphic measure, and ought to be allowed in Hymns to the Deities, As in Dryden's St. Cecilia. Or thus :

ODE XIX. TO TELEPHUS.

Quantum distet ab Inacho.

- 1 **H**OW far from Inachus of old,
 Recorded stands King Codrus bold,
 Who willing for His Country died ;
 Of Ilion's sacred Battles tried,
 The rage, and race of Peleus' son, 5
From Æacus remote, begun,
- 2 Enough—and more—thou'lt *tedious* told,
 But, in this region *scarce* and *cold*,
 Where, purchas'd *best* commodities,
 Who fire and genial Baths suffice, 10
 And comfortable cheer afford,
 Or, where the purest Chian lies,
 Thou heedless offer'lt *not a word* :
- 3 Hence—with thy vain Chronology,
 And, brimming glasses, charge thrice-three, 15
First, to the Moon arising new,
 And, to inspire our midnight joys,
 And to the good Murena due,
 Our Augur, fill again, ye Boys ;

By

Or thus : * Dear-Lover of the fleeing Fair,
 My herds and flocks, benignant spare,
 And lightly o'er my Sabine bounds,
 And o'er my vales and sunny mounds;
 O Faunus, in thy transit tread,
 And gentle to my kids recede ;

- By threes and nines, we'll quaff our Bumpers, 20
 The Muses love unequal numbers ;
 4 What Bard refuses to the Nine,
 Thrice in a Royal Pair to join,
 'Till He extatic ! raves *Divine* ?
 But, the Graces will reproach us, 25
 And fearing riot—*prudes o'er cautious*,
 Vow that more than Three, debauch us ;
 5 In madding joy, their modest bounds
 I'll break—strike all your Cymbals sounds,
 Why is the Phrygian Lyre unstrung, 30
 And why that Hautboy silent hung ?
 Fling Roses with unsparing hand,
 My soul detests a niggard Band ;
 6 Let the invidious Lycus hear,
 And burst him with your frantic cheer, 35
 Wed to a Damsel, *fate too hard* !
Unsuitable—in age ill-pair'd :
 7 O Telephus, with essenc'd hair,
 Bright-beaming as the morning Star,
 To thee, mature in Virgin-bloom, 40
 The willing Chloé deigns to come,
 While, for relentless Glycé, I
 Still burn, and slow consuming die.

ODE XX. to PYRRHUS.

Non vides, quanto moveas tumultu,

I PYRRHUS, What dangers you address,
 A fierce Gætulian Lioness,

Attempting

- Attempting, of her whelp to rob ?
 But soon, *Stout Ravisher*, You'll shun
 The fight, and *infamously* run, 5
 When she pursues her tawny cub ;
- 2 And thro' the train of hunters bold
 Repell'd, begins the mighty fray,
 If she shall snatch, or you withhold,
 A Victor, the contested prey ; 10
- 3 Meanwhile—as you prepare your Bow,
 And point your arrows at the Foe,
She's grinding Teeth, a dreadful row ;
 And th' * Arbiter of strife, 'tis said,
 The palm beneath his feet, had laid ; 15
- 4 Refreshing

* The Arbiter of strife the Boy,
 The †palm beneath his feet, LAID, bare,
 'TIS SAID, stood gazing on in joy,
 Refreshing in the fanning Air,
 His ivory neck, and bosom fair,
 With tresses down his shoulders spread ;
 As Nireus bright, or Ganymede.
 Rapt from Mount Ida's humid head.

† His cloak beneath his feet LAID bare.

Interim, dum tu celeres sagittas
 Promis, hæc dentes acuit timendos,
 Arbiter pugnae posuisse nudo
 Sub pede palmam,
 Festur—I read Pallam, not Palmam.
 His cloak beneath his feet had laid.

There is some humour in the boy's laying down his cloak to survey
 the battle, while they were fighting for him.

The Palla was used both by Women, and Men.

Palla utebantur Citharædi.

Dimidiaque nates, Gallica palla tegit.

MARTIAL.

- 4 Refreshing in the fanning Air,
 His ivory neck, and shoulders fair,
 With essenc'd locks adown them spread ;
 As Nireus bright, or Ganymede, 20
 Rapt from Mount-Ida's humid Head. †
-

Lauro parnasside vinetus,

Verit humum Tyrio Saturata Murice palla.

OVID : MET : B. XI. V. 166.

Quid agis ? Saltas in palla, Sanusne es ? Plautus.

Et mille alia exempla.

† Humid. The Πολυπιδδακος of Hom.

ODE XXI. TO HIS FLASK.

O Nata mecum consule Manlio.

- 1 **O** FLASK, with me of equal Date,
 Co-born, when Manlius rul'd the State,
 Whatever's in thy bosom pent,
 Jocund debate, or soft complaint,
 Or, wilt with madding love torment, 5
 Or lull with gentle slumbers shed,
 Reclin'd thy vot'ry's placid head ?
- 2 Big with whate'er congenial pow'r,
 Well worthy of this festive hour,
 Descend—Corvinus bids, produce 10
 Sweet mellow languid-flowing juice ;
- 3 Tho' with socratic Lore imb'd,
 He will not like a Cynic rude,
 Reject thee in abrupter mood ;
 'Tis

- 'Tis said, old Cato's stubborn soul, 15
 Oft cheer'd her virtue with a Bowl :
 4 Hope, with thee, fair Fugitive,
 Returning, bids the wretched live ;
 Thou stripst off the grave disguise,
 From the dark counsels of the wise ; 20
 And raisest, where they *secret* lay
 In Ambush—*flush'd* with Bacchus gay ;
 5 Thou canst tortures, mild apply,
 To Genius, *ostimes* rigid, dry ;
 And to the *timid* poor dispense, 25
 The hornèd brow of confidence ;
 And arm'd with thee, He scorns to fear
 The Tyrants' brow, or Martial spear ;
 6 Bacchus light—and Venus fair,
 If *She* come with cheerful air, 30
 With the Graces, hand in hand,
 Slow to release the knotted band ;
 Then, the vigil Tapers flames,
 Shall prolong thy purple streams,
 Until returning Phœbus bright, 35
 Hath put the languid stars to flight.

ODE XXII. to DIANA.

Montium custos nemorumque virgo.

- 1 GODDESS triform, o'er Hills and Plains,
 Presiding, and the woodland scenes,
 Who thrice invok'd with pious pray'r,
 Reliev'ft the agonising Fair,
 From throes of the tormenting womb, 3
 And kindly snatchest from the tomb ; 2 I

- e I thankful, vow to thee, this pine,
 Devoted, Dian, to thy shrine,
 That pendent, o'er my wall long stood ;
 Which, with a Boars' distaining blood, 10
 Who wicked, menaces to strike
 The sidelong wound, with tusk oblique,
 Shall yearly be by me endow'd.

ODE XXIII. TO PHIDYLE.

Cælo, supinas sit tuleris manus.

- 1 **R**AISE to the skies, thy hands supine,
 When *first* thou seest the moon's new horn ;
 Give incense to thy Lares Shrine,
 Appease them with a greedy Swine,
 Or with a sheaf of Grain *late-born* ;
 2 Thus, shall thy Fruits no canker fear, 5
 Nor Eurus' blasts thy harvests tear,
 Nor Autumn's pestilential breath,
 With the contagious spreading Death,
 Annoy thy kids and fleecy care ;
 3 Let victims, that luxuriant feed, 10
 Or, in the rich Albanian Mead,
 Or snow-topt Algidus, thy woods,
 The Ax distaining with the floods
 Effus'd, magnificently bleed ;
 4 But this relateth not to thee, 15
 Industrious, rural Phydélé,
 Thy flocks, and herds, so pompously,
 Profuse of sacred gore to slay ;

Thy

Thy Altars crown with Rosemary,
 The vervain, and sweet Myrtle lay ; 20
 5 Th' uncostly gifts, which thou shalt raise
 With thy pure hands—the salt and meal,
 The Gods offended to appease,
 Not less, than Hecatombs avail.

ODE XXIV. AGAINST MISERS.

Intactis opulentior.

O ! Greater Roman in thy own,
 The treasures of the East unknown,
 And Rapines of the Persian Throne;
 Tho', occupied the whole Champaign,
 Thy buildings stretcht to the Tyrrhene, 5
 Conjoin'd to the Apulian Main ;
 If dire necessity should call,
 And with tremendous hand let fall,
 The fatal adamantine blow,
 What shall thy soul from conscious fears, 10
 What expedite thee from the snares
 Of death, and black investing woe ?
 The Scythians vague, act better far,
 And Getes, beneath the rigid star ;
 No certain spot—no landmarks bound 15
 Th' unmeasur'd, unallotted ground ;
 Unproperty'd the golden Grain,
 And free to all the cultur'd plain ;
 Providing for a single year,
 Successive toils, all equal bear, 20
 Altern they sow, and reap the ear :

No

No stepdame, murderously, plies,
 The noxious draught to infant-cries;
 No wife high-dow'd o'er rules her spouse,
 Nor heeds the gay Adult'ers' vows;
 Unviolable—nuptial Faith, 25
 Default—is sacrilege and Death:
 Arise!—some Hero great and good,
 To tame this lust of civic blood,
 The father of his country told,
 Inscib'd on monumental gold, 30
 To Slay this growing monster, Hate
 To Virtue, while *alive* and *great*,
 Invidious—grieving when too late;
 And curb licentiously bold,
 Gigantic Vice eccentric roll'd; 35
 Away with idle plaintive care,
 Unless restrain'd by pains severe,
 And what—severest laws avail,
 If precedent and morals fail?
 If neither Lybian heats extreme, 40
 Beneath the Cancer's fiery beam,
 Nor regions dank of freezing Air,
 Where Boreas rules the utmost sphere,
 And Scythian tempests gelid blow,
 Congeal'd to earth, th' eternal snow; 45
 Nor death, nor dangers can restrain,
 The merchants greedy lust of gain;
 In victor Avarice they sweep,
 And skill subdues the horrid Deep;
 If want, the worst of ills they fear, 50
 By this—all-daring, all they bear;

S

Thy

Thy arduous path neglected lies,
Vain, Virtue *pointing* to the skies :
 Go—to the nearest Tiber's flood,
 Or to the Capitolium throw, 55
 And consecrated to the God,
 (And all with honor shall applaud)
 This matter of all ills below,
 Thy gems, and useless ore bestow ;
 If with sincere and honest breast, 60
 Repentant, thou thy frauds detest ;
 Root up the elemental seed
 Of covet—rank luxuriant weed ;*
 Inform the tender mould to bear
 The rougher bent, to hardy war, 65
 Inur'd to discipline severe ;
 Thy son's effeminately bred,
 To no one manly virtue led,
 Untaught, to rule the gallant steed,†
 The labours of the Bow, and Chace, 70
 And shuns the military space ;
 More skill'd in little arts of vice,
 In essence, delicate and nice,

* But this noxious weed, which had not been totally eradicated, again sprang up with the most luxuriant growth, and in the succeeding age darkned the whole Roman world with its deadly shade.

Gibbon's vol. I. c. VI. p. 169.

† Horace complains that young men of quality, were not early taught to ride and hunt ; we have amended this mistake in education, for here young gentlemen learn to ride and hunt before they can read.

Thy son's an ignominious bred,
 Perhaps, can neither write nor read,
 But early mounts his little steed,
 And cheers the pack, &c.

See Don. Miscel.

And throws the Law-forbidden Dice ;
 And yet, for this his worthless Heir,
 What endless toils, the Sire shall bear ? 75
 Cheat Neighbour, Friend, and Guest, and lie,
 And forfeit every human tie ;
 By sacrilegious perjuries,*
 The hast'ned wicked sums arise,
 And yet, I know not how—still want they 80
 Something's always short and scanty :

This cruel something unpossess'd,
 Corrodes and leavens all the rest. PRIOR.

*This sacrilegious crime ought to be stigmatized above all others, because thro' the multiplicity of oaths administered on every occasion in every Court, Office, &c. &c. it is supposed that there are more perjuries committed in the Dominions of Great Britain, than all the world beside.

ODE XXV. TO BACCHUS.

Quo me Bacche rapis tui.

O Whither, Son of Semelè,
 Enwrapt, would'st bear me full of thee,
 What Groves and Fountains in amaze,
 What Rocks shall hear me pouring lays ?
 2 Wing'd on new Soul aloft I rise,
 To Cæsar meditating grace,
 O Cæsar thee to eternize,
 And in the Synods of the Skies,
 Enthron'd with Jove on high to place ;
 Unheard, unknown to Bards of yore,
 In Dithyrambics bold I soar,
 Sublime

Sublime—as when on Hæmus' steep,
 *The priestess Evies shook from sleep,
 New wonders ! icy Hebrus see,
 White Thrace, and snow-clad Rhodopé ; 15
 And hear impuls'd the Hills around ;
 Shook with Barbarian feet resound :
 Thus devious thro' the vacant groves,
 Thy Bard in pleasing phrensy roves,
 And sounds to thee no human lay, 20
 O Deity ! whose potent sway,
 A thousand Naiades obey ;
 Virago-Nymphs, inspir'd by thee,
 Who tear th' uprooted Monarch-tree,
 And level Forests with the ground ; 23
 Sweet dangers ! o'er the Heights untrod,
 To follow thee Lenæan God,
 Thy festive brow with Ivies bound,
 And with th' eternal Pampine crown'd.

ODE

*Ex Somnis Stupet Evias !

The Bacchanals, who had left the hotter climates of Egypt,
 Memphim carentem Sythonia nive, &c.
 Had never seen this wonderful spectacle of Nature,
 Hebrum—et nive candidam Thracen.

-And THIS, together with the concourse of the multitude, who at
 this time of the year, assemble to beat the woods, and mountains,
 Lustratam pede barbaro Rhodopen.

to rouse, and slay the wild Beasts, for food and raiment, seems to have
 thrown them into this Extacy ; and how pleasing a sight it is, we learn
 from our West Indians, who come over to England in the winter
 months. These huntings are described by Virgil in his Georgics,
 and by Mr. Gibbon thus, A circle is drawn of many miles in circum-
 ference, to encompass the game, of an extensive district (of Woods
 and Mountains) and the troops that form the circle, Horse and Foot,
 gradually advance to one common Centre, where the captive animals
 are surrounded.

ODE XXVI. TO VENUS.

Vixi, puellis, nuper idoneis.

- 1 **O** Venus, in thy wars of late
 I serv'd, and fought with some renown,
 And now with honor I retreat,
 And lay (their office nobly done)
 My *Arms, and my commission down; 5
 And on the left hand of thy throne,
 Suspend my military stores,
 2 My lucid Tapers' end, and Bow,
 And, dreadful to the bolted doors,
 My heavy Club, and wrenching Crow: 10
 3 O Queen ador'd in Cyprus-Isle,
 And †snowless Memphis on the Nile,
 With one correcting Stroke—but light,
 Thy arrogant young Chloë smite.

* My Arms, and Barbiton adown.

† Snowless. This Verse seems to have been added to give some light to the obscure passage of the preceding Ode.

ODE

ODE XXVII. TO GALATÉA, BOUND TO SEA:

*Impios Parræ resipientis omen**Ducit, aut prægnans canis, aut ab agro,**Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino,**Fætave vulpes.*

- 1 **T**HE Gods, ill-boding Omens send,
 Notorious villains to attend,
 A pregnant Bitch, a *nursing* Fox,
 Or issuing from Lanuvian Rocks
- 2 A Grizly Wolf—the chattering Jay,
 And slimy Serpents cross their way,
 (Oblique, as arrow gliding by,
 And make the startling Hackney fly)
 And oft, their purpos'd journey stay;
- 3 But I, for whom I *loving*, fear,
 Explore the Skies, a prudent SEER,
 And call the Augur-Bird by pray'r,
 From Orient day, before he takes
 To fenny Shores, and standing Lakes,
 Sure prophet, of or foul, or fair:
- 4 Live! Galatée, happy live,
 Whatever Clime, thy fates may give,
 And mindful of thy Bard remain;
 For no finistrous Omen's plague,
 Loquacious Pyes, nor Ravens vague,
 Forbid thy voyage o'er the Main.
- 5 But yet I fear in the decline,
 Orion, an unfriendly SIGN; ‡

Let.

‡ You sail at a bad season of the year.

Let Scythian Sons, and Spouses dread,
 The Heavens dark movements over head— 25
 And stormy Ocean, when it roars,
 And shakes the verberated shores;
 I know what black Adria means,
 And how the fair Iapyx leans
 To Sin—perfidiously serene; 30
 'Twas thus Europa, cred'ulous Queen,
 Was by a specious Bull misled,
 And to the smiling Deep betray'd;
 And, *daring*, try'd his snowy side,
Mistrustless of his placid Mien; 35
 But soon repents th' advent'rous bold,
 When foaming billows round her roll'd,
 Pale wan, mid Monsters of the flood,
 Discerning *vain* too late, the fraud;
 That morn, who wove with nicest hand, 40
 The Chaplet with her virgin-band,
 Is now abandon'd to despair,
 And tearing her dishevel'd hair,
 When naught, in the dim glim'ring light,
 She saw—but stars and seas, in *fright*: 45
 And when at length arrived in Crete,
 Her hundred Cities boasting great,
 Whence, am I, whither come? she said,
 The while a flood of tears she shed,
 My tender parents left to moan, 50
 Forfook!—all piety, and claim,
 To country, gods, and filial name,

A single death cannot atone
 Default—and griefs not mine alone;
 Do I, awake, deplore my shame,
 Or is't a vision ary dream? † 55
 Which thro' the iv'ry Portal fled,
 Deluding me too *loving maid*?
 Who late in rural innocence,
 Had cull'd each flowret sweet to Sense, 60
 Delights! did I *thus better* leave,
 To tempt a length of th'horrid wave?
 O! that some Fate this wicked Steer,
 Once more to my revenge would bear,
 With cruel steel, dismangled torn, 65
 How I would break his Ivory Horn,
 O Monster! lately lov'd, *so fair*:
 Ah wretch! † shameless dar'd to fly,
 And yet—more shameless cease to die,
 And Doom's ‡ delay'd, ye Gods! who hear, 70
 To my last prayer vouchsafe an ear,
 In Deserts, § naked let me stray,
 Mid Lions an unpity'd prey;
 Ere Age of meagre aspect seek!
 My Damask, not *uncomely* cheek; 75

† Dream. Sunt gemina somni portæ. VIRG. B. vi. in fine.

The Dome of sleep, two Iplend'd gates adorn,
 One polish'd Ivory, one transparent Horn,
 Through this, true visions, easy exit find,
 Thro' that, false dreams, and phantoms of the mind.

‡ And Hades'. Hell's delay'd.

§ Naked defenceless. Criminals were thrown naked to wild beasts,

Fair victim, with my richest blood,
 Thus, let me feast the Tyger-brood :
 I hear my absent Father call,
 O ! base Europa bleed and fall,
 Or, if thou dread'st the ponyard's stroke, 80
 Thy faithful zone, *well sav'd unloose,**
 And pendulous from yonder oak,
 Receive th' embracing friendly Noose ;
 Or take, precipitated, Death,
 From pointed Rocks, and Seas beneath ; 85
 Better implungèd in the wave,
 Than live debas'd, a spinster slave,
 A princess of Agènor's line,
 Some rude Barbarian's Concubine :
 Thus, as impending o'er the Main, 90
 The Fair One moan'd in piteous strain,
 Came †Venus—*perfid smiling Queen,*
 The Loves, and Graces round her seen,
 Attended by the cruel Boy
 Her Son, his Bow in Hand, *unstrung,* 95
 And rallying, with *malicious* joy
 A while, at length the Goddess sung ;
 Forbear this *rage*, thou'lt cease to mourn,
 And weep no more, when thou shalt see,
 This Bull shall humbly bend to thee, 100
 T And

* Zone, well saved. Emblem of chastity preserved.

† Perfid smiling Queen. The perfidum ridens Venus, in malicious joy, is finely expressed in a picture of Circe, in the possession of H. B. Esq; at Ince Hall.

Horace has wrought this Story of Europa to a perfect Drama, ending happily, which in the hands of an ingenious person might be made into a pretty Opera.

And give his *execrable* Horn,
 To be in *cruel vengeance* torn ;
 Know, rais'd by me, the Queen of Love,
Bear well thy fortune and high claim,
 Thou'rt Consort of all-conqu'ring Jove, 105
 And of this Earth's trisected Frame,
 The noblest part shall bear thy Name. *

* Or thus SHORTER, if Conciseness ONLY be sought.

Forbear thy rage, and cease to mourn,
 This HATEFUL Bull to thee his Horn
 Shall yield, to BE IN VENGEANCE TOIN, &c,

ODE XXVIII TO LYDE.

Festo quid potius die

- 1 **L**YDE *this*, Neptune's, festal day,
 How can I better pass away,
 Than with thee ? haste then and bring out
 Thy hoarded store of Cæcubæ Stout,
 And *roused* to mirth thy heart display ; 5
 Divest thee of thy graver airs,
 Intrench'd in deepest Wisdom's Cares ;
 2 Thou sees't the God's Meridian Ray
 Declines—yet dost, as if He'd stay,

And

- And th' Hours would wait *upon the wing*,
 Thy loit'ring *Bib'lus' Flask delay,
 Like him—in *mouldy rest*, to bring :
- 3 The Gods, altern in strains, we'll sing,
 I, Neptune, and the Nereide Train,
 The blue-ey'd Daughters of the Main ; 15
 And thou shalt strike the warbling Lyre,
 And chant Latona, and the Choir
 Of Dian, whose unerring dart,
 Can pierce the Lynx, and fleeing Hart ;
- 4 And to the highest Pitch thou'lt raise 20
 Thy voice, to Cytherèa's praise,
 The Empress of the Cyclades,
 Returning to her Paphian Plains,
 With purple Doves, in silken Reins ;
 Then, in one parting ‡ lay we'll join, 25
 To Night, that crowns this Day divine.

ODE

* Bibulus was chosen Consul with J. Cæsar, and shut himself up, inactive, during his whole Consulship, hence the the name of Bibulus, became proverbial, for what was loath to come out, as Lyde's flask.

‡ Nænia. A sorrowful Ditty.

i. e. Then I'll part, and with good night.

O D E XXIX. TO MÆCENAS.

Tyrrhēna, Regum progenies tibi,

- 1 **D**ESCENDED of old Kings Tyrrhene,
 Mæcnas, I have long laid by,
 A Cask unpierced of mild Calene,
 And for thy Hair, my Nymphs prepare,
 Sweet Scents—and Roses ready lie ; 5
- 2 Would'st thou forever *gazing* dwell on
 The prospects o'er the Champagne wide,
 Prenestè—Tybur's oozy side,
 Circéan Hills of Telegon,
 A sacrilegious Parricide ? 10
 A while, thy Esquilinian Dome,
 A Pile ascending to the Skies,
 And, *thy admir'd dear happy Rome !*
 Smoke, Hurry, Opulence and Noise,
 Forsake—and to our rural Joys, 15
- 4 From full fastidious Pomp retreat ;
 A Change delightful to the Great,
Without the stately splendid Room,
The Persian Carpet, Tyrian bloom,
 When, to some humble Cot they steal, 20
 And take the decent homely treat,
 And o'er the comfortable MEAL,
 The wrinkled brow of Care dilate :
- 5 Andromed's Sire his wrath betrays,
 And Sirius with his sickly rays, 25
 And glaring Procyon fire the Sky;
 And, Lion raging mad, the days
 Bring on—hot pestilential dry ;

- 6 The Shepherd and his languid Sheep,
 The thickest Shades together keep 30
 By Tiber's streams—no zephyr-breeze,
 The sultry Air, and drooping Trees
 To fan, or wake the silent Deep ;
- 7 While thou, in watchful toils for Rome,
 Ar't brooding over what's to come, 35
 And seek'st, o'erwhelm'd with anxious Care,
 What Scythians, and discordant Don,
 And Realms beneath the orient Sun,
 Or Bactrian Kings *remote* prepare ;
- 8 The Gods benign, in deepest night, 40
 Have *well* conceal'd from mortals fight,
 Th' eventfull exit of the *Morrow*,
 And smile, when we o'er-anxious dread,
 Beyond *all sense*, the ills o'er head,
 Unknown—anticipating sorrow ; 45
- 9 The present Day's thy only aim,
 And wise-forecasting, this dispose,
 The rest, *much like* the Tiber's stream,
 Th' unceasing Current ebbs, and flows, 50
 Now calm, and clear within his Bed,
 Meand'ring thro' the flow'ry Mead ;
- 10 Anon, impetuous o'er the Plains,
 He rolls Herds, Cottages, and Swains,
 All-bearing to the Tuscan Shore,
 The Woods resound, the Mountains roar, 55
 When bursting forth the deluges,
 His tributary ^aSubjects raise ;

a Rivers,

11 Lord

- 11 Lord of *Himself*, thro' life's short space,
 That Man shall easy pass away,
 Who, to each Sun's departing face, 60
 Can boldly speak—*I've liv'd to Day*;
 12 The next, let the Saturnian roll
 Serene, or cloud th' Ethereal Pole
 Around, with bursting Thunders thrown,
 Can He, what is *already* done, 65
 What, with the rapid Hour is flown,
 Annul—and frustrate thee, O Sun? *
 13 An insolent, capricious Dame,
 Pleas'd with her topsy-turvy Game,
 Forever busy, Fortune plies, 70
 Transferring gifts and honors, *blind*,
 To me, now to another Kind,
 Away th' uncertain Mistress flies;
 14 I love and §praise her, while she stays,
 But, if her flutt'ring wings to try 75
 Dispos'd—and of me take her leave,
 Resigning *calmly*, what she gave,
 I yield, and *with no other Dow'r*,
 Safe in my Virtue lapt I lie,
 And proud defy the wanton Pow'r, 80
 Content, in honest Merit poor;
 15 What is't to me—if th' Austers roar,
 And Wreck the Gallies on the Shore?
 I need not hurry me to pray'r,
 To *bargain* with the Gods to spare 85
 The

* i. e. The Day past.

§ The double Rime is used for conciseness sake, for otherwise, the period would become as long and tedious, as a mathematical Demonstration.

The Tyrian Freight, and add no more
 To the devouring Ocean's Store,
 Who have *no venture out* at Sea;
 Let Merchants tremble in their Bed,
 Or let the lending usurer dread
 The Storm—it roareth not to me;
 16 Even then, in slender Skiff, my fails
 I'd on the wild Ægæan spread,
 And ride secure, *before* the gales,
 With *Guardian double-Pollux' aid. 95

* Meaning his Friends, Augustus, Mæcenas, &c.

The Statues of Castor, and Pollux, twin Brothers, (Gemini) were often united in one piece, HENCE, called the Double Pollux.

ODE XXX. TO MELPOMENE.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

1 I'VE rais'd a Work, that shall surpass,
 All Memphian Pyramids in Height,
 And regal Mausolèan State,
 Out-during Arts of labour'd Brass;
 2 Nor the corroding Element,
 The Structure, *envious*, shall deface,
 Nor th' Aquilonians—*impotent*
 In rage, shall shake its solid Base;
 3 Nor Rounds of Ages, shall impair,
 Nor Death, shall all-*absuming* bear,
 Great part of Me, shall scape the Bier,
 Still blooming with the rolling year,
 And

- 4 And recent, in sequacious praise,
 To Sons of Sons remotest Days ;
 While, shall the Capitol ascend 15
 Th' High Priest, and silent Maid attend ;
- 5 Where, down th' Abrupt impetuous bore,
 The falling Aufid's torrents roar ;
 And poor, and *weak in streams*, his Reign
 Held Daunus,* o'er a savage Train : 20
 I first, tho' of *an humble Sire*,
 Induced the soft Æolian Lyre,
 And tuned to Latian Moods the Wire.
- By Merit earn'd—assume my Muse,
 A conscious Pride—nor thou refuse 25
 The Honors due to just Renown,
 Melpomenè, thy Delphic Crown.

* The name of an Apulian river weak in dry weather, and of the father of Turnus.

N. B. I have generally preserved *throughout*, as I began, and not *without some difficulty*, the *thee-thouing* language, tho' I think it neither necessary, nor pretty, but rather, as in common life, that it betrays too much of the rigidity of the Quaker.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

NOTES and ALTERATIONS

BOOK III. ODE I. Verse 63.

Why should I then in modern style,
Upraise th'invidious pompous Pile,
Why change my *little* Sabine Seat,
For more-encumbering Riches *great*?

ODE IV. Verse 112.

Th'eternal gnaw, and food remain,
Forever new to ceaseless pain.

ODE V. Verse 3.

And solely less than him, below
A Deity ! be Cæsar held.

Verse 64.

Till by unheard of fortitude,
And an unknown example, he
The wav'ring Fathers had subdu'd,
And wrought to fix the hard decree.

ODE VI. Verse 25.

Our coast invading, dar'd to threat
The Downfall—of the Roman State.

ODE VII. Verse 21.

Who scorn'd, abstemiously chaste.

ODE VIII. Line 1.

What I a Batchelor am doing,
And on the first of March pursuing,
A Festival to Matrons due,
Mæcenar, seemeth strange ! to you.

ODE IX. Verse 30.

Thy Lydia live, and die with thee.

ODE X. Verse 1.

Lyce, drank'st thou remotest Don,
The Spouse of some barbarian Son,
Thou'dst weep to leave a wretch thus laid
The freezing Earth his rigid Bed,
Extended on the gelid space,
Exposing, and at midnight throwing.

Verse 13.

The breathing Spirit pure of Jove,
Conglaciates.

ODE XI. Verse 7.

Once mute, but now a warbling guest,
And welcome at the Princely Feast.

Verse 21.

In supple adulation fell.

Verse 28.

Ixion check'd his whirling Wheel,
Enchanted by thy raptures High,
The Danieds from their Labours steal,
The leaky Urn a while stood dry.

ODE XVI. Verse 16.

Like light'ning in its winged Coast,
All bursting with resistless force.

VERSE 25.

And by these sapping Arts pursu'd,

He undermining one by one,

The jealous Kings around subdu'd

The dangerous rivals of his Throne,

And better—than th' All-conquering Son,

By slaughter of the Human Breed,

And deluges of Blood had done.

ODE XVIII. Verse 1

And the full-foaming Bowl is seen,
Of Bacchus and the Comrade Quee

ODE XIX. Verse 1

Of where the purest Chian lies,
Thou'rt mute—and offer'ft not a w.

Verse 35.

And burft him with your frantic che
And let it reach his Fair One's Ear,
Untenable—Ah! Fate too hard,
Dry wither'd Age to Youth ill-pair'd
To thee, bright as the Morning Star
Adorn'd with comely effenc'd hair,
Mature in all her Virgin Bloom,
The willing Chloë deigns to come,
O Telephus! while I for Mine,
Still burning, flow-consuming pine.

ODE XXI. Verse 6.

Or wilt thou gently soothing steep
The Head reclin'd—in placid sleep!

ODE XXIII. Verse 1.

When first thou seest the rising Horn,
Of crescent Phœbé, newly born,
Raise to the Gods, thy hands supine,
The Larès with thy purple Wine,
And with a Sheaf of Wheat new shorn,
Appease—or with a greedy Swine *

ODE XXIV.

O Lover of the fleeing Fair,
O'er my Bounds, and Tanny Mounds,
Lightly, Faunus, deign to tread,
My Flocks and Herds, benignant spare,
And gentle to my Kids be led.

* Dr. Byrom, here reads, avidasque Patras

Verse 19.

With Myrtle and thy Rosemary,
Adorn the Shrine of humble Sods,
Thy costless Gifts, pure Salt and Meal, †
Not less, t'appease th' offended Gods,
Than slaughter'd Hecatombs avail.

ODE XXVII. Verse 98.

Forbear outrageous Swelling Hate,
And pendulous Zone in ready fate,
Thou'lt cease to moan, when shall return,
Th' obnoxious Bull, and Yield his Horn,
By thee, dismangled to be torn.

ODE XXIX. Verse 78.

In virtue, without other Dower,
I lap—and safe in probity,
I, proud, the wanton Power defy,
Content in honest Merit Poor.

ODE XXX. Verse 1.

I've rais'd a Work far to surpass,
The Monumental Arts of Brasses,
All Memphian Pyramids in Site,
Above—and Regal Tow'rs in Hight,
Which, nor the fretting Element,
Nor envious Canker shall efface.

Verse 19.

Where Darius held dry Meagre plains,
And reign'd amid Sylvestrian Swains.

† The Widow's Mite was accepted.

THE FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ODES OF HORACE,

ODE I. TO VENUS.

Intermissa Venus Diu.

- 1 **W**HY after long permitted ease,
O Venus, wilt thou war again,
And urge me to a fresh Campaign,
No champion now, as in the days
I was, of Cynara's mild reign ?
O cruel Queen of sweet desires,
Cease thy delusive wanton fires,
And spare thy supplicating Swain ;
2 Nor press with o'er imperious hands,
A heart with many a wound impair'd,
In ten long Lustres || callous hard,
Reluctant to love's soft commands ;
3 Go, meeter for the Young and Fair,
Wing'd with thy doves and purple car,
Invok'd by burning sighs, and pray'r ;

U

Wouldst

|| Lustre : A term of five years.

- Wouldst thou a heart congenial move,
 And fire it with thy torch of Love,
 4 To Paulus' festive Dome repair,
 He's gentle, and of graceful air,
 Not silent in the cause of woe, 29
 When Clients call his weighty flow ;
 5 His princely household he'll display,
 And thou shalt revel night and Day ;
 He, with a hundred wily Arts
 Knows to ensnare the vot'ries hearts, 25
 And smiling, he will overcome,
 The emulating Sons of Rome,
 With gifts—and strike the Envious dumb ;
 And with thy Banners wide unfurl'd,
 Extend thy empire o'er the world ; 30
 6 And near his Alban Lake shall place
 Thy form, on an eternal Base,
 Enthron'd beneath a Cyprian Beam,
 And Arabèan sweets shall flame,
 And thou shalt quaff the copious steam ; 35
 7 The Harp, and Berecynthian Lyre,
 And softer Lute shall join in choir ;
 And Boys and Nymphs with snowy feet,
 Shall tripping, Lydian measures beat ;
 And thrice the Salian priests shall bound,
 And shake, responsive to the sound 40
 Of breathing Lutes, *altern* the mound ;
 8 Nor night nor day in Hymns shall cease,
 To hail thee ! Paphian Queen of Grace :
 On me, cold Age slow creeping steals,
 With care, and languor at her heels, 45
 No more, I cred'lous hope to find,
 Sweet happy unison of mind ; Nor

Nor man delights, nor woman now;
 Nor feats of wine with effenc'd Brow;
 6 *Alas!* my drooping spirit cheer;
 But why—my Fair one still too dear;
 Steals down th' involuntary tear,
 Ah! why, *unmanly*—falt'ring hung,
 In silence drops—my *fluent* tongue?
 Along the banks of Tiber's floods,
 55 And o'er the plains, and thro' the woods,
 I chace thee in my midnight dreams,
 And now I grasp—and seize thy charms;
 Ah! cruel bursting from my arms,
 Lost in the voluble swift streams. 60

ODE II. TO ANTONIUS JULUS.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.

1 **W**HO takes thee, Pindar, for a guide,
 And means to emulate thy flame,
 To some pernicious height shall ride,
 Like the rash Icarus in fame;
 His waxen pinions cease to play,
 5 Of artful Dædaléan frame,*
 He falleth, and to some sad sea
 Bequeaths, his monumental name; 2 As

* Who takes bold Pindar for a guide,
 And emulates his flame,
 To some pernicious height shall ride,
 Like Icarus in fame;
 His waxen pinions cease to play,
 Of Dædalean frame,
 He falls, and leaves to some sad sea,
 His monumental name.

- 2 As flush'd with rains and numerous rills;
 Descending from the neighb'ring Hills,
 The torrent overflows all bound,
 At once, full, fervid, and profound,
 The deep-mouth'd Pindar swells, and fills
 The vast immensity around ;
- 3 Princely he claims the Lyric Bays,
 When bold new Dithyrambic phrase,
 He pours impetuous in his rate ;
 Unfetter'd, unconfin'd he goes, *[flows.]*
 In lawless numbers roll'd, and grows
 Enrapt, irregularly great ;
- 4 And whether Gods or Men he sings,
 Or, from the Gods descended, Kings,
 By whom were Centaurs justly fell'd,
 And breathing-flames Chimæras quell'd ;
 Or Victors from th' Elëan game,
 Conducted godlike crown'd with Palm,
- 5 Th' Athletic Band, the foaming Steed,
 The Chariot whirl'd in wingéd speed ;
 He twines a Wreath of higher worth,
 Than all the Prizes upon Earth,
- 6 Bestow'd on each illustrious name ;
 Or mourns, in some well-fought Campaign,
 His Country's hope untimely slain ;
 The weeping Bride's distressful cares,
 He shews once more those golden days,
 When Sanctity, and Virtue please,
 And lifts them to the starry Spheres ;

7 And

- 7 And snatching victory from Death;
 He vindicates the godlike brave,
 Defrauding with his vivid breath,
 The doom of the oblivious grave;
 8 Whene'er the Swan of Dircé flies,
 A whirlwind bears him through the skies,
 O'er tracts of the Olympian Clime;
 I like Matina's Bees below,
 Quest where the streams of Tyber flow,
 And bask on Shrubs, and humble Thyme,
 Here I with weary toil and pain,
 Pick up my small Poetic grain,
 And busy work it into RHYME :
 9 With stronger Voice, and bolder Bow,
 Thyself shalt sing the laurel'd brow,
 Of victor Cæsar justly crown'd ;
 Amid the loud triumphant din,
 When o'er the Capitolian Mound,
 He drags the fierce Sicambers, in
 Their brazen chains, indignant, bound ;
 10 The public joys, long festal days,
 The brave returning Conqu'ror's praise,
 The Laws upheld, the wrangling Bar,
 Devoid of all contentious jar,
 And universal peace, and ease ;
 11 And thee, O ever-glorious Sol,
 In annals of perennial roll,
 What brighter day canst thou record,
 Bestow'd on Earth ? I've liv'd to see
 The best that e'er could shine on me,
 Which hail'd my safe returning Lord ;

- 12 What greater—could the Gods unfold,
 What blessing more divine afford,
 Altho' Saturnian times restor'd
 The Latian Age of purest gold?
 13 And when the solemn pomps ascend,
 And shouts the vaulted Temples rend,
 Then will I add my willing part;
 Of gratulating voice, and heart,
 Amid resounding choral lays,
If I aught worthy him, can raise;
 Repeated Pœans will I join,
 And loud triumphant I O Sing,
 And victims to the Gods benign,
 I'll give—and holy incense bring;
 14 Ten Bulls—and twice ten Heifers, thee,
 A Yearling Steer redeemeth me;
 Wean'd from the Dam, luxuriant grown,
 At th' Altar of the Gods to crown
 My pious vows—his forehead bold
 Presents, like Phœbé three-days old,
 New budding horns, beneath is shown,
 Of Snowy hue, a starry Crest,
This only white—in all the rest,
 Appears the mother's tawny brown:

ODE III. TO MELPOMENE.

Quem tu Melpomene simul.

1 **WHOM**, thou Melpomene on Earth,
 Hast with thy aspect mild, in birth,
 Beheld, and influencing eye,
 The labours of the Isthmian Game,
 The Gauntlet, and Athletic Fame,
 5 And Crowns—come not his bosom nigh,
 Nor Coursers stretching in the Race,
 Nor Chariots whirling o'er the Space
 Olympic, lift him to the sky;
 2 Nor the proud Pomp of glorious war,
 10 Shall, on the Capitolian Mound,
 PRESENT him laurel'd in the Car,
 Triumphant o'er the Kings, and Hosts,
 Confounded, maugre all their boasts,
 In brazen Chins, *indignant*, bound;
 15 But, Tiber's Banks, in lone retreat,
 He hunts, ennobled by the Nine,
 And, thickest shades shall form him great,
 In smoothing the ÆOLIAN Line;

That

* Vid. In Rubens' Luxemburg Gallery, *La Naissance de la Reine*, and the Genius tenderly regarding the new born Infant. This Painter has more allusions to the allegorical fabulous expressions of the Classics, than any of the other Schools, &c. and unless Painters become Learned, or the Learned become Painters, we shall never equal Greece and Rome in this noble Art. All our young Gentlemen seem to depend upon Genius, which is not given to many, in a Million.

- 4 That now Ueud the Lyric Choir,
 Stiled by the Princely Sons of Rome,
The Father of the Roman Lyre,
 And am to th' highest honours come,
 Even Envy's Tongue or dead, or dumb,
 Forbears to blast what they admire;
 5 O Goddess of the vocal Shell,
 Whose touch, with harmony can swell
 The Strings—who, if she pleases, can
 Give Cadence to the breathing Lute,
 And language to the Fishes mute, ||
 Sweet as Cayster's dying Swan;
 6 If e'er I struck the Harp *so please,*
 Or breath'd one tender-flowing line,
 To thee, with honour due I raise,
 This monumental verse, this praise,
 Melpomené, is *solely* thine.

|| The lyre formed of the tortoise-shell.

- * That, in the Amiable Choir,
 Of Bards, to place me now conspire,
 Thy princely Sons, majestic Rome!
 And point me, *where'soe'er* I come,
The Father of the Roman Lyre,
 Ev'n canker'd Envy dead, or dumb,
Forbears to blast—what they admire.

To place me in the Lyric Choir,
 That, Rome thy princely sons conspire,
 And now I'm pointed to the throng,
 The father of the Roman Lyre,
 Ev'n envy with her canker'd tongue,
 Forbears to blast, what they admire.

And now I'm pointed to the YOUTH,
 The father of the Roman Lyre,
 Ev'n Envy with her canker'd tooth,
 Forbears to gnaw, what they admire.

As I never cease reflecting, how to amend and improve
 this work, *perhaps* the following may not be unacceptable.

B. 2. ode 1. Of the first source of civic woes.
 That in Metellus' year arose,
 Modes, means, and every vitious cause,
 Thou treat'st—the violated laws, &c.
 A dangerous Die to throw! and tread
 On Embers of insidious fire,
 And glowing yet in latent ire,
 With faithless ashes overspread.

This would be no bad Exordium of a Lyric Poem
 on the subject.

Of the first source of civic woes,
 That in Metellus year arose,
 Modes, means, and every vitious cause,
 I sing—the violated laws, &c.

W

ODE

ODE IV. THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

*Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,
Cui rex Deorum regnum in aves vagas
* Permisit, expertus fidelem
Jupiter, in Ganymede flavo.*

- 1 **F**IERCE as th' imperial Bird above,
Presenting flames to thund'ring Jove,||
Free Sovr'an o'er the Realms of Air,
Permitted by the God to rove,
In ravish'd Ganymede the fair, 5
Approv'd of Loyalty and Love;
- 2 When forth he issues from the Nest,
By Youth, and Fire paternal press'd,
And, cloudless tracts, *incumbent*, tries,
With panting heart, at first he fails, 10
As yet, unknowing in the skies,
Till by degrees, the fanning gales,
Administer the steady poise ;
- 3 Anon, in native vigour bold,
He darts into the fleecy Fold, 15
Impetuous in the hostile flight,
The Dragon in his fiery Hold,
Reluctant in his Mail of gold,
He dares, and sports in blood and fight ; 4 Or

* Permisit, Much stronger than Commisit, or Delegavit.

|| Fierce, as the winged Minister above,
Of Flames, to Fulminating Jove,

- 4 Or, as is from the tawny Dam,
 New wean'd—in quest of bloody Game,
 The Whelp dismiss'd, with *inflam'd* jaws,
 Whom, from afar in dread descries
 The Kid—first destin'd sacrifice,
 To bleed beneath his Notice Claws,
 5 Was * Drusus on the Alps beheld,
 By Rhætic, and Vindelic Hosts,
 Who maugre their late victor-boasts,
 By conduct of the Youth requell'd,
 Felt—what could force of Roman Mind,
 6 And Genius form'd by Nature kind,
 O Nero, in thy high bred Heir,
 Beneath Augustus' eye refined,
 And train'd by his paternal cares;
 7 Brave sons spring from the brave and good,
 The Sire transfuses in the Brood,
 In lusty Bulls, and Stallions' fleet,
 This faithful line of blood we meet,
 Nor will the fiery Bird of Jove,
 Beget a cold and warless Dove:
 8 But, howsoe'er we prize our Birth,
 'Tis culture must mature its worth,
 And th' inborn latent seeds unfold
 Without it nature sinks to loss,

Ungracious.

* Drusus acted in the first campaign, singly; accordingly, the first compliment is paid to him, the poet now artfully unites them in the sequel.

- Ungracious flaws, distaining *gross*,
 Debase the Gem of brightest mould;
 The choicest metal's mixt with Dross
 Impure, 'tis Art refines the Gold :
 8 What Rome to the brave Neros owes,
 Metaurus, long as e'er he flows,
 Shall to Her faithfully relate,
 O Day, to all forever dear,
*With distributions of the year,**
 The first, that shone auspicious Fair,
 And clear'd the hov'ring cloud of Fate,
 And of dire Hannibal's despair
 The first, by *Asdrubal's* defeat ;
 9 When the BARBARIAN like a Flame,
 That runs with blazing Sulphur fed,
 Or as a whirlwind riding came
 Refistleless, o'er the Ocean spread ;
 10 From that Day forth, our Arms were blest
 By Heaven, advancing in success,
 The || upright Gods their thrones possess,
 And by wild Punic Rage defaced,
 The Fanes resum'd their wonted Grace ;
 11 And, struck at length with pale dismay,
 The perfid Chief was *heard to say*,
 "Stags

* When account was received of any signal success, wheat-flower was distributed to the people ; hence victory, and adorea, became synonymous terms.

|| Upright. Their statues overthrown, set upright.]

- " Stags, to rapacious Wolves, a prey,
 " We *wilful* are pursuing close,
 " A noxious Brood, we ought to shun,
 " The * highest Triumph o'er our Foes,
 " Is wily to elude, and run;
 12 " From flaming Troy, this hard-bred Train,
 " Toss'd, wreckt on Tuscan Seas in vain,
 " Whose Sons, and mellow'd Fathers bore,
 " Their course to the Hesperian shore,
 13 " This ROMAN's like his Ilex oak,
 " Dense, with unfading honors crown'd,
 " Whose tops black Cragu's head o'erlook;
 " Or Algidus, thy snow-clad Mound,
 " Whom with edged-steel, the more we hew,
 " With heart, that's never to be broke,
 " More strength, and spirit from the stroke
 " He'll gain—and vig'rous life renew;
 14 " The Hydra lopt of many a Head,
 " Renascent still, grew not more dread
 " 'Gainst Hercules, in grieving mood,
 " Who doubtful of the conquest stood;
 " No Theban † Monster, scaly hard!
 " No Colchic Dragon o'er its ward
 " E'er watch'd, a more tremendous Brood;

15 " You

* *Opimus triumphus*. Opimous spoils, i. e. Royal Magnificent.

The Opime were the spoils, which a Roman General could only win from the King, or General of the Enemy, whom he had slain with his own hand, and no more than three such examples are celebrated in the Victorious Ages. Gibbon's, v. 2. p. 635.

† Theban Monster. Alluding to the enormous Serpent slain by Cadmus, and the brazen-footed Bulls, and fiery Dragons, &c. &c. that watched and guarded the Golden Fleece.

- 15 " You Plunge him in the deepest Main;
 " He'll from the waves emerge *serene*,
 " As Hesper bathed, with keener light,
 " Or wrestling hurl him to the ground,
 " Antæus-like, He will rebound,
 " Recruited in new parent might,
 " His victor whole and firm, o'erthrow;
 " And Matrons to their sons recite,
 " His triumphs o'er the prostrate Foe;
 16 " No more proud Messages, I send
 " To Carthage, of fierce battles won,
 " Our Punie Fame is at an end,
 " All Hope alas! and Fortune flown,
 " For, on what day of evil fate,
 " The intercepted Chief's defeat,
 " Befel—was Hannibal o'erthrown. *and one*
 17 What will not Claudian Powers effect,
 " Whom, the benignant Gods protect,
 " And bless in conduct, and in might,
 " Sagacious, vigilant in care,
 " And quick in every Art of war,
 " To turn and rule the doubtful fight!

O D E

Per acuta Belli. Quick in expedients.

Fine Generalship, Horace means.

The Opine were the spoils, which a Roman General could only win from the King or General of the Enemy, when he had slain with his own hand, and no more than three such examples are celebrated in the *Vindictæ* Agat.

I Theophrastus. Allusion to the common saying, *Caesar, and the broken Spoke* &c. and lastly, *the watch* and *the Golden Throne*.

ODE V. TO AUGUSTUS.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romula

- 1 **A**USPICIOUS Heaven-descended birth,
 O Cæsar, of th' Hesperian Earth
 Defender, Father of the State,
 Thy venerable Senates mourn,
 The people call for thy return,
 Prolong'd, beyond the promis'd date; 5
- 2 Re-blest, O Chief, thy country dear,
 Give lustre in thy natal Sphere,
 Thy aspect like the genial Spring,
 Reviving, will all nature cheer, 10
 And Suns a brighter glory bear,
 And better order'd seasons bring;
- 3 The Mother, when her darling Son,
 Far o'er the wide Carpathian's gone,
 By the invidious winds delays, 15
 Withheld beyond his annual run,
 In anguish Kens the distant Seas,
 And him with Omens, Pray'rs, and Sighs
- 4 She calls, and every God implores,
 Nor can remove her eager eyes, 20
 Intent upon the winding Shores,
 Smit with parental fond desires,*
 Thus Rome, her absent Lord requires, 25
 For

* Nor with less faithful ardours press'd,
 Thy Rome with fond parental breast,
 And we our absent Lord request.

- 5 For safe the ranging oxen graze, 25
 And lowing, ruminatè in ease,
 And happy plenty crowns the plain,
 And fruitful Ceres swells the grain,
 And o'er the open warless Seas,
 Secure, the wingéd Sailor flees ; 30
 6 Returning Honor, now hath Fame,
 And Conscience knows the sting of Shame,
 No crimes pollute the nuptial bed,
 Law, and the bright example led,
 Have struck the spotted Monster dead ; 35
 7 We praise the Mother in her race,
 The Father's likeness shews her grace ;
 Default th' avenging Lictor feels,
 And Pain close pressing on her heels :
 8 While Cæsar rules, who fears th' alarms, 40
 Of Parthian, or hard Scythian swarms,
 Or the enormous German brood,
 Or haughty Sons of Iber's flood ;
 9 Each forms the Day, to his own Bent, 45
 In easy rural labours spent ;
 We prune, or lead the cultur'd vine,
 And round the widow-elm entwine,
 Return at eve, and close the day,
 With feast, and every blessing gay ;
 10 The Banquet moved, the second Board, 50
 We crown to Jove, and thee, ador'd,
 Pursue thee with libations pour'd,
 And in our song thy glories trace,
 And mix with Deities thy praise,

As mindful Greece, of Hercules, 55
 And her Tyndarid twin-born race;
 11 Long may'st thou give these Holidays
 To Rome, this is our *fasting* pray'r,*
 We sing it *full*, when Phœbus' rays,
 Are sunk beneath th' Iberian sphere. 60

* FULL, AND FASTING. Horace has many Antitheses of this kind.

ODÉ VI.

Diva quæ proles Niobæa magnæ

- 1 **G**OD of the Bow, whose fatal Dart,
 Transfixt the Raptor Tytius' Heart,
 And venging th'insolence of tongue,
 Felt by the Niobæan Young,
 And seabor'n Thetis' Phthyan Son,
 By Prowess who all Ilion won,
 Unconquer'd in the Martial fight;
 2 Unequal to a God in might,
 Tho' from the Goddess of the wave
 He sprung—with heav'nly Spirit brave,
 And battling with tremendous Pow'rs,
 He shook the bulwark Dardan Tow'rs;
 3 As by the Axe's hewing stroke,
 A stately Pine, or Mountain Oak,

Extended

- Extended long and large, he laid
 In Trojan Dust his naughty head ;
 4 He disdain'd to be impent
 In Pallas' Steed, to Ilium sent,
 Belying Rites in crafty gulze,
 Nor would, beguiling Priam's Court,
 Ah ! ill-immers'd in festive sport
 And wine, with midnight Arms surprize ;
 5 But open vow'd he merciless,
 Would slaughter all the Trojan race,
 And in one blazing Pile consume,
 The Sires, and Sons, the Old and Young,
 The Mother, Babe of speechless tongue,
 And latent in the parent Womb ;
 6 But mov'd by thee and Venus fair,
 High Jove assenting to your Pray'r,
 Her Son was snatch'd from th' hostile fire,
 And th' homicidal Phthyan's Ire,
 With better-fates his Gods to bear,
 And in our Realms his Ilium rear ;
 7 O Father of the warbling Lyre,
 Whose touch can raptures high inspire,
 Who lov'st to bathe in Zanthus streams,
 Thy flowing locks of golden beams ;
 Thy Daunian Muse's grace sustain,
 And give due honours to her strain,
 To me, the Augur God imparts,
 The Spirit of his Delian Lyre,
 To me, he gives the tuneful Arts,
 The name of Bard, and heav'nly Fire ;
 8 Ye chosen Virgins noble Fan,
 Your tutelary Dians' care,

Amidst

- Amidst the luminaries bright,
 Who sing the crescent Queen of night,
 Transfixing with unerring bow,
 The spotted Lynx, and fleeing Doe,
 Revolving swift her monthly reign,
 Benignant to the swelling grain,
 9 Concordant with your miter ear,
 Observe my Lesbian foot, *severe*,
 And consonant to Sapphic Rhyme,
 Arise, and fall in tuneful time;
 10 Then wed, in honour you shall say,
 When came return'd the Festal Day,
 Taught by the bard, we blooming young,
 And not indocile Virgins sung,
 Th'Horatian sacred choral Lay.

ODE VII. TO TORQUATUS.

Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis.

- 1 **T**HE snows are fled, and now altern,
 Reviving Earth, has chang'd the Scene,
 New budding Leaves the woods adorn,
 And Lawns, and Meads a vivid GREEN;
 * The Banks, the sinking floods, contain,
 And bosom bare, bound o'er the plain,
 The Graces, and their Cyprian Queen.
 2 Admonish'd by the rolling year,
 And Nature swift to changes bent,
 Hope not for aught, that's permanent;
 O friend, *unperishable* here:

* The late turgescient floods subside,
 And in their Beds, DECREASING, glide.

- 3 On Winter cold, the Spring soft steals,
 Close press'd by Summer at her heels,
 To be by chasing Autumn foil'd;
 Who, of his mellow load despoil'd,
 The lazy year recurrent, feels;
 4 Black Night resigns to blushing Morn,
 The waning Moon renews her horn;
 And rolling Seasons pass altern,
 But we, once sinking to the urn,
 With Tullus, and old Ancus lay'd,
 Are dust, inanity and shade,
 Torquatus, never to return;
 5 Who knoweth if th'all ruling Pow'r,
 Will, added to the present flow
 Of life, vouchsafe one day, or hour;
 But, what we chearfully bestow,
 With amicable heart we know,
 Shall scape the heir's all grasping claw,
 And Death's irrevocable law;
 6 And when, thy life well canvass'd o'er,
 Stern Minos, on the Stygian Shore
 The judge hath sentence kindly past,
 Nor birth, nor eloquence high grac'd,
 Nor piety shall thee restore;
 For neither Dian hath releas'd
 Hippolytus, her favourite Chaste,
 From the Lethéan Tyrant's Hold,
 Nor Theseus, all thy friendly pains,
 Could burst the adamantine chains,
 Which dear Pirithous enfold.

O D E

O D E VIII. TO CENSORINUS.

Donarem pateras, grataque commodus.

I'D give my comrades, Statues bold,
 (*Commodious friend*) in brass and gold,
 Eléan Tripods, meed and grace
 Of Victors, on the dusty space;
 Nor should the meanest Prize be thine,
 If I were rich in Arts divine,
 By Scopas, or Parhasius done,
 This great in Colours, He in Stone,
 Heaven-taught, to strike the Man or God,
 And thund'ring Jove with awful nod;
 But, I've no pow'r, nor want'st thou more,
 Of this refin'd delicious store;
 We Poets deal in *no such thing*,
 As Gems and Gold, we only sing,
 And send thee, what the Muses bring;
 No splendid miracles of Greece,
 Yet presents wrought as high as these,
 And *vouch the worth* of every piece;
 Take kindly then, what I bestow,
 Sweet Verse thy *dear delight*, and know,
 No Image which the Senates raise,
 Inscrib'd with monumental praise,
 So like, in every feature, *shown*,
 The Brave revive, and breathe in stone;

Nor

* Like Auctioneers at the sales.

(*An incomparable piece of Raphaels, &c.*)

Nor dawning high th' expressive mind, 25
 In vivid light, and shade combined,
 Nor Hannibal at length in dread,
 When maugre menaces, he fled,
 Retorted tenfold on his head ; *
 Nor haughty Carthage in a flame, 30
 Which gave the Chief, his Victor-name,
 Well earn'd, entitled *AFRICANE*,
 The pride of Rome, and Punic Bane,
 Can ever † elevate thee more,
 Than words of strong poetic Lore, pow'r. 35
 Or the Calabrian Muse's praise,
 With sounding Lyre, and Dulcet lays ;
 In silence of the tuneful Bard,
 The Hero loses his reward ;
 Of Ilia's Son, what had become, 40
 The Mighty Founder of old Rome,
 Had black withstood his merit high,
 Invidious Taciturnity ?

Sunk

* Horace is here alluding to the public monuments, and history pieces of the last Punic war erected to the honor of Scipio ; in some we may suppose Hannibal, was express after the battle of Cannæ, elated with success, looking down on Rome in the attitude of one menacing death, and destruction ; in another his speedy flight ; despairing, and retreating to the defence of Carthage, now threatened by Scipio — *Rejēctæque retrorsum Hannibalis tūnæ*. Vide Book IV. Ode IV. *Occidit spes omnis*.

† No Monuments could elevate the Scipios higher, than Ennius has done when he called them

————— duo Fulmina Belli,
 Scipiadas.

Sunk in oblivion, he had long
 Been buried with the vulgar throng, 45
 Unless, *preserv'd* in sacred song,
 And by the favour of the Nine,
 Embalm'd in the Parnassian Line ;
 'Tis we, Apotheose their name,
 This Honor, princely Poets claim, 50
 We lifted Æacus from Hell,
 In shady vales of Bliss to dwell ;
 The Man of Worth shall never die,
 The Muse forbids, and throning high,
 Consigns him to Eternity ; 55
 With virtuous toils, *unweary*, prest,
 We give Alcides to the feast,
 On purple couches with the blest ;
 The twin-Tyndarids to the skies,
 And sailors bless them when they rise, 60
 The shatter'd Bark the wave defies ;
 And Bacchus, *rais'd by us*, a God
 With ivy crown'd, the pious good,
 Conducts up to the starry road.

O D E IX.

Ne forte credas interitura, quæ.

1* **B**ORN, where the falls of Aufid roar,
 Adown th' abrupt impetuous bore,
 Believe thou by no means, what I,
 Sweet sounds concordant to the Lyre,
 Which by no vulgar Arts aspire, 5
 Have sung—by common fate shall die ;

* i. e. Believe thou by no means, what I
 Born, &c.

- 2 Tho' Chief, Mæonian Homer stand,
 We still admire bold Pindar's hand,
 And the harmonious Cæan strains ;
 Still Tyrants hear Alcæus threat, 10
 And roll'd in numbers deep and great,
 Thy song, Stesichorus remains ;
- 3 Nor is by envious time, decay'd,
 What good Anacreon sweetly play'd,
 And breathing Love in every line, 15
 Warm with the fire of all the Nine,
 Yet strikes, of the Æolian Maid ;
 Was spartan Helen, th' only Dame,
 Who felt the fierce adult'rous flame,
 When with his pompous train display'd, 20
 Appear'd the Boy with flowing hair,
 Embroider'd Vest, and Regal Air ?
- 4 Had Argive Champions only bled,
 In honor of the Nuptial bed ?
 Or Teucer *first* who aim'd the Bow,
 And Gnosſian shafts unerrant blow, 25
 Sole skill'd in every point of war
 Was Sthenelus—to rule the car
 * Idomeneus, and wing the spear ? 30
 Transfixt Deiphobus alone
 In Battle, for his country dear,
 And for his bosom wife, and son,
 Was all renown by Hector won ?
- 5 Heroic Chiefs had grac'd the plain, 35
 Ere Agamemnon held his Reign,

* Ἰδομενεὺς σθενελὸς τε μάχης οὐκ ἴσους παύσης.

- Well worthy of the Muse, in fight ;
All overwhelm'd, unmoan'd, unknown,
 Doom'd to eternal Stygian Night ;
- 6 In *want*—of Bards of Helicon, 40
 To bring their glories forth to light,
 And make each rising Age their own.
- 7 What differs Valour, if it lies
 Obscure, conceal'd—in *times to come*,
 From cowardice ? the dastard dies 45
 Alike forgotten in the Tomb ;
 But I'll not unadorned leave
 Thy worth, nor let thy merit high,
 A prey to livid Canker-lie,
 Unveng'd in the oblivious Grave ; 50
- 8 Vers'd in affairs*, acknowledg'd great,
 In peace and war, sagacious shown,
 Statesman consummate, faithful known,
 In all the dubious turns of Fate,
 However, fortune smile or frown, 55
 Consulted, Oracle of State;
- 9 Not consul of a year, or years,
 But oft, as void of hopes or fears,
 He shall, an upright judge sincere,
 For Honor, int'rest scorn—severe 60
- 10 On greedy fraud, and abstinent
Of the all-luring blandishment ;

* I am not unmindful, while I am writing this, of the Person, who
 by the universal suffrage of his Country, best deserves these
 Encomiums.

—————Micat inter omnes,

Sidus Arcæoum velut inter ignes,

Luna minores.

X

And

And stern, repelling the base bribe
 (Presented by the guilty Tribe)
 He thro' the dense opposing swarms,
 Displays aloft his victor Arms.
 11 Call me, not him the happy man,
 Whose life in boundless treasure flows,
 But him alone who wisely can
 Enjoy what th' hand of heaven bestows;
 Who dreads not poverty extreme;
 But worse than death, a deed of shame;
 And, when his Friend and Country call,
 The active Guardian of her laws,
 Will generously bleeding fall,
 Undaunted in the glorious cause.

† Alluding to troops who having cut their way thro' the enemy, display their Victor Standard.

§ Cato the Great seems to be pointed at here.

ODE X. TO LIGURINUS.

O crudelis adhuc, & Veneris muneribus potens.

O ! cruel, blest with all those pow'rs,
 Which, Venus on her favourites shew'rs;
 Thy downy cheeks which far outvie,
 The Rosy Peaches blossom-dye,
 Thy tresses to the winds display'd,
 And flaunting down thy shoulders spread,
 In all thy pompous Pride full blown;
 Ah ! Day unhop'd, how shalt thou moan,

When

When wither'd winter comes, and all
 Thy gaudy feathers *moulting* fall,
 And shall be changed so sleek and smooth,
 That face to bristly, and unsmooth;
 Thou'lt say, as oft as thou shalt pass,
 And, other-self see in thy glass,
 With furrow'd brow, and wrinkled face;
 Ah! young why had I not this mind?
 Or, with this heart now coming kind,
 Comes not preserved my cheek, and grace?

This Ode with very little alteration, will equally fit
 the repenting old Batchelor, and antient Maid.

ODE XI. TO PHYLLIS.

An Invitation to celebrate Mæcenæ's Birth-Day.

Est mihi nonnum superantis annum!

THIS Cask unpierc'd of Alban's thine,
 By winters mellow'd more than nine;
 The labouring flames and smoaks arise,
 Roll'd in black Columns to the skies,
 My Hall, and Plate, and Sideboard shine;
 A busy Tribe, fly Maids and Boys,
 And hasten on my festive joys,
 And decorate my humble thrine,
 The Vervain's strow'd, the Apium laid,
 With roses for thy comely head;
 And thirsting for the victim's Blood,
 The burning Altar waits the flood;

3 That;

- 3 That, Phyllis, thou may'st know what mean,
 So solemn kept on April-Ides,
 These annual joys, which I ordain, 15
 This DAY the *vernal moon* divides,
 O'er which the Sea-sprung Queen presides,
 And splits her smiling month in twain ;
- 4 Due, *as my own*, to festive mirth,
 The DAWN, which gave Mæcenæ birth, 20
 Whose influencing aspect cheers,
 With affluence my rolling years,
 And every happiness on earth :
- 5 Young Telephus, *be warn'd by me*,
 Rolls in an Orb too high for thee, 25
 Whom *willing*——in her wanton Chains,
 A Rich, not fairer Nymph detains ;
 Beware the fate of Icarus,
 On pinions borne too near the sun ;
- 6 And from the wingèd Pegasus 30
 Disdainful of an earthly load,
 Fell headlong, rash Bellerophon ;
 And hurl'd from the ethereal road,
 The thunder-blasted Phaeton,
 A dread example has supplied, 35
 To check the growth of greedy Pride ;
- 7 Admonish'd thus to soar forbear,
 Beyond thy sublunary sphere,
 Congenial, equal Mate approve,
 And think it sacrilege, to move, 40
 To high disparities in Love ;

9 Come

* Young Telephus, CEASE TO PURSUE,
 Roll'd in an Orb too high for You.

- 9 Come then—the last for whom shall burn
 My heart with loves, my Phyllis fair,
 And our melodious Numbers learn;
 Return'd in thy enchanting voice, 45
 Sweet Song dispelleth gloomy Care,
 And makes the ravish'd Soul rejoice.

ODE XII TO VIRGIL.

Jam veris comites, quæ mare temperant.

- 1 **T**H E rugged sea's allay'd by gales,
 The Thracian winds impel the sails,
 Again the Zephyr's on the wing,
 The smiling harbinger of spring;
 Earth's bosom melts, and now no more 5
 Descending turgid torrents roar, *
 Which snow-fed heavy winter's bring;
 2 And building in the thorny vale,
 Sweet Philomel renews the tale
 Of Itys, and th' ill-venge'd lust, 10
 Of barb'rous Kings of Cecrops' race,
 Perpetuating the disgrace,
 Which still pursues their royal dust;
 3 The shepherd, and his languid sheep,
 The thickest shades together keep, 15
 Along the Banks of Tyber's floods,
 He piping to his flocks resounds,
 And cheers the God who loves the woods
 And rocks, of black Arcadia's mounds;

4 The

* And roaring late in turgid pride,
 The floods within their channels glide.

- 4 The Times are pestilential dry,
And hot, and call aloud for Wine,
But if thou meanst to taste of mine,
20 Young Favourite of our nobles high,
A Box of Syrian Nard supply;
5 One Shell of Nard, if it appear,
25 Will potent draw forth flasks in store,
Now lying on Sulpitius' Floor,
Big with new hopes the heart to Cheer,
The Soul, *irradiating*, clear,
And all the bitter dregs of Care
30 Wash off, *SPECIFIC*! in despair;
6 Leave lucre, and each sordid thing,
And fly on swift poetic wing,
Forgetting not the precious ware;
For hope not, that I mean to treat
35 Untributary thee, to fare
As at *free tables* of the Great;
7 And mindful of the last black blaze,
O Virgil, and the flitting days,
While yet thou mayst in life's short space,
40 Some frolic, *short of Counsel*, blend,
Delicious Joy! when with a friend,
We're merry mad, in *time and place*.

O D E XIII TO LYCE.

Audivere, Lycè, Di mea vota; Dii.

- 1 **L**YCE, the Gods have lent an ear,
The Gods my pray'rs have deign'd to hear;
I've liv'd to see thee, old and gray,

- Affecting* to be young and gay,
 And impudently *tippling* play;
 With maudling tremulating tone,
 Slow stirring joys, *no more thy own*;
 2 And vainly *wielding* Cupid's darts,
 He disdains thy loathsome Arts,
 Thy wither'd bosom, and thy Row
 Of yellow Teeth, and Head of Snow;
 3 He th' old *leafless* Trunks o'erflies,
 On Chia's blooming Cheek he lies,
 (Sweet warbling to her soft guitar)
 And in the ringlets of her hair,
 Or keepeth sentry in her eyes;
 4 Nor gems, nor vests of purple die,
 Which with the star of morning vie,
 Shall e'er recall that fervid prime,
 Which, Lycè, stamp'd by sitting time,
 And in the registers *enroll'd*,
 Preserv'd, they mercyleless unfold;
 5 Ah! whither is thy Venus flown,
 And train of pleasing Arts *well known*,
 What hast thou of that Lyce gay,
 Which snatcht me from *myself* away,
 Surpass'd by Cynara alone?
 6 But short was the allotted date,
 Alas! to Cynara by Fate,

Referring

* *Pulchris exultat in genis.*

A military term for keeping guard.

Reserving in thy latest stage,
Thee, to the boding Raven's Age,
Prolong'd—that amorous gallants,
Thy torch—*once all round firing*,
May see—and not without their taunts, 35
In ashes sunk expiring.

ODE XIV. TO AUGUSTUS.

Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium.

- 1 **W**HAT offerings can wise Senates care,
With the full pomp of honors bear
To thy exalted Virtue's claim,
- 2 What can thy grateful Rome prepare,
Where-e'er, the sun's far spreading beam, 5
Illumes this habitable frame,
Illustrious prince, to eternise thy name?
- 3 Whose fulminating Pow'rs in war,
Reluctant to our law and yoke,
Late felt the fierce Vindellic—broke, 10
And drag'd at thy triumphal car,
- 4 Th' implacable Genaunian brood,
By Drusus, and thy troops subdu'd,
Where, Alps o'er Alps tremendous rise,
With rocks protended to the skies ; 15
- 5 (As piled on mountains mountains—strove
The Giant Race defying Jove)
Up-rais'd by the rebellious crew,
Their Rock-grown Tow'rs he stern o'erthrew ;
- 6 Nor less thy elder Nero's praise, 20
Shall we resound in grateful lays ;

Where

- Where He by happy Auspices,
 Conspicuous in the fight beheld,
 The Rhæti, *race enormous quell'd* ;
 And foremost in the field to dare ; 25
 He broke the iron ranks of war,
 7 And rushing thro' the Barbarous Hord,
 With what wide havoc spread, he press'd
 The freely death-devoted breast, †
 Presented to the raging Sword ? 30
 8 As arm'd with the tempestuous ire
 Of the cloud-bursting Pleiade Choir,
 Descending Austers bellowing sweep
 And roll the vast tormented deep ;
 9 Or hornèd Aufidus, who reigns 35
 Sole Lord of the Apulian plains,
 When rushing with resistless force,
 He deluges the wide Champains,
 And bears away Cots, Herds and Swains ;
 10 Nor less impetuous in his course, 40
 He, *without loss sustained*, strow'd
 From front to rear, the squadrons mow'd,
 And gallant, on his foaming horse,
 Mid foes, and fire, and fury rode ; *
 11 He with thy troops and counsels fraught, 45
 And with thy Gods, and fortune fought,

† With rage of liberty possess'd,
 Presented to the Hostile Sword.

*What higher encomium, what greater hath Addison, or any author said of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, or the King of Prussia at the Battle of Lissa ? the two greatest Generals that appeared since the days of Hannibal and Cæsar.

Egit equum medios per ignes.

- For, on what glorious DAY, to thee
 Proud Alexandria bent the knee,
 And oped her seven-fold Nilus' Port,
 And vacant desolated Court ; 50
- 12 The SAME — when the revolving Sun,
 Compleated, had three Lustres run,
 By Claudius, saw these wonders wrought,
 And all to happy exit brought ;
- 13 With arrogated high renown, 55
 And justly merited success,
 The present as the past to bless,
 And to thy utmost wishes crown
 Thy reign, with full imperial grace :
- 14 Thee, wand'ring Nile, of source unknown, 60
 The Tigris, and Euphrates own,
 The Gaul undaunted death to face,
 And the Iberian haughty race,
 In wonder aw'd, thy pow'r confess ;
- 15 The Danube deep, and Rhine revere, 65
 The gallant quiver'd Parthians fear ;
 Untameable in Arms before,
 Thee, fiercest Cantabri implore ;
- 16 And who in carnage and in blood
 Rejoice, the dire Sicamber-brood, 70
 Geloni, and who houseless roam,
 The Scythians — Seres, Indians come ;
- 17 And supplicating sue to thee,
 The Tutelary Deity,
 Of Latium, and all conquering Rome, 75
 Thee, sov'ran Lord of Earth and Sea,

Where

Where monster-brooding billows roar,
 On the remotest Britons shore,
 Submissive, Cæsar, to thy sway,
 All now surrend'ring Arms adore.

80

ODE XV. TO AUGUSTUS.

Phœbus, volentem prælia me loqui.

- 1 **M**E, willing Bard to sing the ire
 Of Kings—and Cities sackt o'erthrown,
 Apollo, rapping with his Lyre,
 Admonish'd in an angry tone,
Rash, in thy slender skiff forbear,
The raging Tuscan Seas to dare:
 2 Deny'd the wars, my present page
 Be, Cæsar, thy illustrious Age,
 Resign'd to thee in easy reign;
 Obedient nations drop the sword,
 Wise order's to the state restor'd
 By thee, and culture to the plain;
 3 And vagrant vice licentious roll'd,
 Is by avenging laws controll'd,
 And curb'd throughout thy wide domain;
 Snatcht from proud Fanes, the Parthians yield
 The Trophies of the Crassian Field,
 Return'd to Capitolian Jove,
 And with the adamantin Bars,
 Are clos'd the iron gates of Mars,
 In peace and universal love;
 4 We th' Arts, and Industry renew,
 By which, our recent Empire grew,

And

- And in meridian glory shone ;
 And spread the majesty of Rome, 25
 O Sun, from thy Hesperian Dome,
 Extended to thy Eastern throne :
- 5 While guardian Cæsar rules the land,
 No civic jar, nor foreign Band,
 No force on earth shall dare withstand, 30
 And shake our settled firm repose,
 Nor Discord, forging impious Arms,
 Inflaming realms with false alarms,
 And fretting friends to bloody foes,
- 6 Nor they who drink remotest Don, 35
 The Danube deep, or rapid Rhone,
 Nor rigid Getæ shall oppose,
 Nor, who the shaft, averted, draws,
 The Parthian, ever faithless known,
 Shall violate thy Julian laws : 40
- 7 Thus, Cæsar, we rehearse thy praise
 On sacred, and unhallow'd Days ;
 And, sacrifice first duly given
 For thee, to all-benignant Heaven ;
 We in old pious use the Dead 45
 Record, who for their country shed
 A life in virtuous honor led ;
- 8 While Sons and Matrons join in choir,
 We strike to Lydian moods the Lyre ;
 And mid the joys of festive wine, 50
 Anchises, and the Julian Line,
 Of Venus, Queen of beauteous grace,
 We sing, in plenitude of peace,

THE CARMEN SÆCULARE,
OR JUBILEE HYMN.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

Phœbe, sylvarumque potens Diana.

CHORUS OF BOYS AND VIRGINS.

- 1 O Phœbus, and Diana Queen,
Presiding o'er the Sylvan scene, †
Ye lucid glories of the skies,
Whom, ever-honor'd we adore,
Grant, what with pray'r and sacrifice, 5
We at this holy time implore ;
- 2 When, as Sybylline Rimes ordain,
Of Boys, and Maids a chosen train,
Address to Capitolian Jove,*
And to the Deities who love 10
The sevenfold Hills, their sacred strain.

TO APOLLO.

- 3 O Sun ! immense illumin'd Frame,
Bright rising, other, and the same,
Who giv'st the night, and giv'st the day,
Nought greater—with all-seeing eye, 15
From thy meridian throne on high,
May'st thou on Earth, than Rome, survey.

TO

N. B. Odi profanum Vulgus.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,

Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

And the odes which compose the Jubilee Hymn, will be found in
their places.

* Hæc Jovem sentire, deosque cunctos, &c. † Woodlands green.

T O D I A N A.

- 4 O Queen, receive the Matrons vows,
 Lucina, Ilithuya, nam'd,
 Or by whatever honors claim'd, 20
 Which Heaven above, or Earth bestows ;
- 5 Pour down thy blessings on the Fair,
 Deign to the teeming womb thy care,
 And aiding their parturient throes,
 The Birth, at its maturest hour, 25
 Bring forth, with thy propitious pow'r,
 And sooth their agonising woes.
- 6 Kind to our senatorial cares,
 The nuptial Rites, and Statutes bless,
 Source fruitful of unnumber'd Heirs, 30
 And multiply the Latian Race ;
- 7 That, when hath the revolving Sun,
 Eleven-fold ten great circles run,
 And brought compleat the Secle round,
 Three nights, and three successive days, 35
 With iterated Games, and Lays,
 Frequent and full, may Rome resound :

T O T H E P A R C Æ, O R D E S T I N I E S.

- 8 Ye Parcæ, whose prophetic Rimes,
 Decrees—in stable order run ;
 In future, as preceding times, 40
 By pious supplications won,
 The sevenfold-Hills Mavortian Town,
 Alike with fates auspicious crown :
- 9 Benignant to our fleecy care,
 Give limpid streams, and purest air, 45
 May fertile be the hill, and plain,
 To the luxuriant Steed and Steer, And

And bounteous Ceres swell the grain,
Crown'd with the yellow bearded ear.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

- 10 Thy darts conceal'd, with placid mien,
Thy suppliant Boys, Apollo hear : 50
Of starry Heavens bright-crescent Queen,
Give to thy Nymphs a gracious ear :
- 11 If Rome's your work, O pow'rs divine,
If by responses from your shrine,
Surviver of his Country dear, 55
The pious Trojan led his Host,
In distant Realms his walls to rear,
And settled on our Tuscan Coast,
His Dardan race with ours to join ;*
Bequeathing to his Julian Line, 60
Far greater empires, than he lost ;
- 12 With early principles of truth,
To virtue, form our docile Youth,
Give honors to the hoary Sage,
And bless with ease his placid age ; 65
Bid health and wealth, and sons increase,
Adorn'd with every moral grace ;
- 13 And who adores with laurel'd brow,
And offers victims pure as snow ;
From Dardan Kings who claims his race, 70
And Venus, queen of beauteous grace,
Give, long his happy years to flow,
The haughty Warrior to o'erthrow,
And mercifully raise the prostrate Foe :
- 14 Whose high behests the Scythians fear, 75
The subjugated Medes revere,

* — — — Genus unde Latium,
Albanique patres. Virg.

And trembling, the remotest lands
 And seas, receive his dread commands ;
 15 Faith, Truth, and Honor crown his days,
 And Sanctity, and Virtue please, 80
 And Plenty with full golden Horn
 Appears, and Justice dares return
 To Earth, and Piety hath praise :

T O A P O L L O .

16 O Augur, graced with golden Bow,
 Delight of the harmonious Nine, 85
 Prompt to relieve weak mortals woe,
 With balmy healing arts divine ;
 17 Effulgent in thy Car on high,
 If thou behold'st with gracious eye,
 Mount-Palatinus' sacred Dome, 90
 Deign to another Age t' extend,
 And more successful to time's end,
 Advance, more potent, happy, Rome !

T O D I A N A

18 Who Algid rul'st, and th' Aventine,
 To thy Decemvir-Priests benign, 95
 Who bent before thy shrine revere,
 O Queen, their supplications hear.
 19 We, docile Bands, who sung the lay,
 To Dian, and the God of Day ;
 With *faith undoubted*, from the skies, 100
 To Rome these gracious tidings bear,
 Jove bends to holy Sacrifice,
 And th' heavenly Gods have heard our fervent pray'r.

*I have added the two Odes lately discovered
by a learned Librarian at Rome, supposed
to be Horace's, and my imitation of them.*

DULCI Libello—nemo Seditum
Forſan meorum, carior extitit,
De te merenti, quod, fidelis
Officium Domino repandes?
Te, Roma, cautum, territat Ardua,
Depone vanos, invidiæ metus,
Urbisque fidens dignitati,
Per plateas animoſus Audi,
Ex quo furentes Eumenidum Choroſ,
Diſjecit almo fulmine Jupiter,
Huic Ara ſtabit, Fama cantu
Perpetuo, celebranda creſcet.

THOU, whom I favour'd with my love,
And cheriſh'd, with thee raviſh'd,
How wilt thou grateful to me prove,
For all the pains I lavish'd,
Whom, like a mother ſon, to tend,
I nurſ'd ſo faithfully,
For thee poſtponing every Friend,
What, wilt return to me?
O Book, the Critics are thy Dread,
In terror, thou gueſt forth,
Yet liſten bold to what is ſaid,
Self-conſcious of thy worth;
Truſt to the Candour of the Town,
By whoſe ſound judgement poſſ'd,
By Envy, Merit tho' tread down,
Yet ſhall riſe up at laſt;
Th'Eumenide Furies are ſtruck dead,
By Thunders that late fell,
And who the Bolts aimed at thy head,
Themſelves are ſtruck to HELL;
Apollo ſhall an Altar rear,
Fame, ſhall thy praiſe reſound,
And I, his Delphic wreath ſhall wear,
Sung, thro' the world,

Discolor, grandem gravat Uvae Ramum,
Instar Autumnus, glacialis Anno,
Mox Hyems volvente aderit, capillis.

Horrida Canis,
Jam licet nymphas trepidè fugaces
Insequi, lento pede desinendas,
Et labris capta simulantis iram,
Oscula figi,

Jam licet vino madidus vetusto,
De Die lætum recitare carmen,
Florc, fite des hilarem, hecbit

Sumere noctem,
Jam vide curas Aquilone iparias,
Mens viri fortis sibi constat, utrum
Serius lethi, cutivulve tristic,
Advolet Hora.

BEHOOLD, huge plumping clusters rise,
Stain'd with their various dyes,
How big with juices they distend,
Delicious to the eyes!
See, how the loaded boughs they bend,
But to be made a prize;
Thus take the virgin plump in charms,
In youth it is no fault,
And seize her fleeing from thy arms,
She runs but to be caught,
And snatch her in the blooming year,
And bless her, while she bleeds,
And press her shy, affecting fear,
With kisses, and caresses,
Soon frigid winter will appear,
Morose in hoary tresses,
Now sing, and quaff with Bacchus gay,
O Florus, for thou canst, the Day
Sustain with wit's delight,
With thee, and with our merry train,
O Florus, deign here to remain,
We'll keep it up all night,
All heart-corroding sorrows leave,
With steadfast soul, the Wise and Brave,
Enjoy what's in their pow'r,
No matter, long or short the space,
Allotted to the vigorous race,
And the last fatal hour.

NOTES and ALTERATIONS.

BOOK IV. ODE I. Verse 55.

I follow through the shady Woods,
And on the Banks of Tiber's Floods.

ODE II. Verse 46.

I like a Bee rove o'er the plain,
In quest of Balm or noble Thyme.

ODE V. Verse 1.

From mildest Gods who tak'st thy birth,
O Cæsar, of th'Hesperian Earth,
Defender, Father of the State.

Verse 22.

Smit with as faithful fond desires,
Thus, Cæsar, thee thy Rome requires,
And seeks, till Heaven her Lord restores.

ODE XI. Verse 26.

Whom willing, in her golden chains:

ODE XIV. Verse 31.

As when the Pleide Austers sweep,
And fierce torment the boiling Deep,
Before them driven the Billows roll,
Fly Clouds dispers'd around the Pole;
Or horned Ausid, when he roars,
Enfury'd on th'Apulian Shores,
All tearing with restless force;
Nor less impetuous in his course,
He through dense armed Squadrons rode,
Mid Fury, Fots and Fites, his horse
Impell'd—from Front to Rear he brow'd
The Field—and gallant, to his own
Secure—a BLOODLESS Victory won. *

* BLOODLESS on his own Gds.

Dilectos, quondam graves, et
Tunc Autumnus, gaudet Anno,
Mox Hyems volens edere, capillis,
Horrida Canis,

Jam licet nymphe tepide vagantes
Insequi, lentis pede desinamus,
Et labris captas succubantis nam,
Oculus agnoscat.

Jam licet vino mollescent verba,
De Die letum solvere carmen,
Flore, fate des hilarem, haecbit
Sumere non desinam.

Jam vide curas Aquilone pariter,
Mens viri fortis subleventur, utrum
Serius lethi, cutitave trahit,
Advocat Flora.

BEHOLD, huge plump clusters are
Stain'd with their various dyes,
How big with juices they distill,
Delicious to the eyes
See, how the loaded boughs they bend,
But to be made a prize;
Thus take the virgin plump in charms,
In youth it is no fault,
And seize her fleeing from thy arms,
She runs but to be caught,
And snatch her in the blooming year,
And bless her, while she glows,
And press her shy, affecting fear,
With kisses, and caresses,
Soon frigid winter will appear,
Morose in hoary tresses,
Now sing, and quaff with Bacchus gay,
O Florus, for thou canst, the Day
Sustain with wine's delight,
With thee, and with our merry train,
O Florus, deign here to remain,
We'll keep it up all night,
All heart-corroding sorrow leave,
With steadfast soul, the Will and Brave,
Enjoy what's in their pow'r,
No matter, long or short the space,
Allotted to the vigorous race,
And the last fatal hour.

— Sumere curas animo festo —

NOTES AND ALTERATIONS.

BOOK IV. ODE I. Verse 55.

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Impell'd— from Front to Rear he brow'd

The field— and gallant to his own

Secure—a BLOODLESS Victory won.

BLOODLESS on his own side.

Verse 54.

And all to happy exit brought,
O Cæsar ! by thy Powers done.

Verse 67.

Indomitable heretofore,

The CARMEN SÆCULARE.

Verse 28.

Look on our Senate's pious cares,
Their Hymenéal Statutes bless.

Verse 36.

Frequent and full may Rome renew,
And to the Deities pursue,
These Rites—and th'Holy Hymns re-found.

Verse 40.

Crown ye the future, as past times,
With Fates alike, ye Sisters, spun ;
Bless ye the labours of the Swain,
Benignant to our fleecy care.

To DIANA.

Verse 94.

Who, th'Algid rul'st, and th'Aventine.

Though Horace has taught the true manner of addressing Majesty, yet none of our Laureats have imitated him. The Odes, 5—14—15—in B. iv—will shew how different was the Roman spirit from the languid poetry of those Gentlemen.

Through my inability to read a proof sheet, and correct the Press, innumerable ERRATA and blunders have escaped, in Virgil and Horace, &c. I therefore make this general Apology to my Readers, and hope they will excuse what was the unhappy effect of my loss of Sight.

Æn. B. vi. p. 11. v. 319. for unrudd grain and rude.

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